



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

VOL. XXV.

JUNE 1, 1890.

NO. 11.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



CONTENTS:

THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY (<i>Illustrated</i>)	<i>Josephine Spencer</i>	321
OSTRICH HUNTING		325
UP FROM TRIBULATION	<i>Homespun</i>	326
EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE	<i>Lula Greene Richards</i>	329
TOPICS OF THE TIMES	<i>The Editor</i>	333
APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEIVE		337
THE JUMPING BEANS		337
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS—Riches Alone do not Produce Happiness		338
TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE(<i>Illustrated</i>)	<i>Friis</i>	339
A MIRACLE OF MODERN SKILL	<i>W. N.</i>	341
A SAD FATE	<i>C. A. W.</i>	343
THE EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES	<i>Hiero</i>	344
THE ART OF TIDYING	<i>Helen Fowler</i>	345
VALUABLE RUBBISH	<i>Como</i>	347
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS:—Questions and Answers on Church History		348
Children I Have Seen	<i>Lula</i>	349
A Sister's Love		350
A Brave Boy	<i>M. W. F.</i>	350
If We Would		351
THE LORD'S SUPPER	<i>Words by Joseph Longking Townshend, Music by J. G. Fones</i>	352

CONSOLIDATED

OFFICERS:

GEORGE A. SNOW, General Manager.
H. B. PROUT, Manager Milford Branch.
J. F. BURTON, Manager Ogden Branch.
S. A. LANGTON, Manager Logan Branch.

DIRECTORS:

MOSES THATCHER, Pres't. BARNARD WHITE, V. Pres't.
F. R. SNOW, Sec'y and Treas.
W. W. BURTON. M. SNOW. W. B. PRESTON.
G. A. SNOW, General Manager.

IMPLEMENT CO

o———— HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ————— o

Wagons, Buggies AND Farm Implements.

— OUR SPECIALTIES: —

"THE OLD RELIABLE" Cooper Wagon, McCormick Light Steel Mowers, Reapers and Binders, "Jay Eye See" Sulky Plows, Canton Clipper Tricycle Plows, Scott Full-circle all steel Hay Presses, Nichols & Shepard "New Vibrator" Threshing Machinery, Famous and Gazelle Hay Rakes with steel Wheels, Hoosier Press Drills, Fountain City Grain Drills, Gorham Combined and Independent Seeder, Canton Clipper and J. I. Case Steel and Chilled Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., "Porter" Road Carts U. S. Carriage Co's (of Columbus, O.) and D. W. Haydock's Fine Buggies. Full Stock of Hard-wood and Wagon Material, finished and in rough.

Send for Special Circulars and Prices to **CONSOLIDATED IMPLEMENT CO.**

— HOUSES AT —

Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan and Milford, Utah.

SALT LAKE.

LOGAN.

OGDEN.

George A. Lowe.

— FIRST CLASS —

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

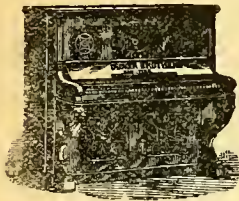
Schuttler Farm and Freight Wagons,
COLUMBUS BUGGIES,
Phaetons and Road Carts
HARNESS.

Steam Engines and Saw Mills,
Railroad Contractor Supplies.

19-25

..... D. O. CALDER'S

Prices Reasonable.



Everything Reliable

..... MUSIC PALACE

'45 and 47 W. 1st South St., SALT LAKE CITY.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

8-26

Utah Cracker Factory,

—[HENRY WALLACE, Manager]—
Manufacturers of the Celebrated

SILVER BRAND OF FINE CRACKERS.
27 E. 3d South St., Salt Lake City.

7-26



Tickets

ON SALE

TO ALL

PRINCIPAL POINTS

EAST, WEST,

NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—

UNION TICKET OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY.

John Scowcroft & Sons,

JOBBER, IMPORTERS, BROKERS AND MANUFACTURERS AGENTS IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Crockery, China, Glass and Woodenware. Fancy and Staple Groceries.

2473 and 2475 Weshington Ave. next to Brown Hotel, OGDEN, UTAH.

Retail Department closed. Special attention given to the Wholesale Trade.

1-26



JOHN P. SORESENEN.

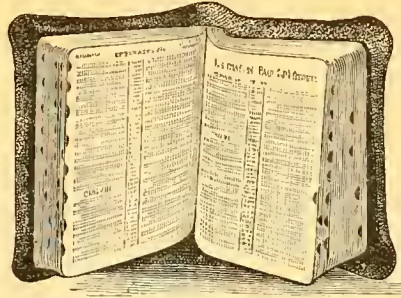
**Sorensen
&
Carlquist,**
116 Main Street,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
DEALERS IN
**FURNITURE
AND UPHOLSTERY.**

ENQUIRE THEIR PRICES.

14 25



C. A. CARLQUIST.



NEW GOODS!

The Latest and Best. New Helps to the Study of the Bible.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

We have just received a large quantity of Bibles and Testaments of every size and class of binding, among which there are Pocket Bibles and Testaments, Bibles suitable for use of Theological Classes in Sunday Schools.

The Comprehensive Teachers' Bible, which contains many new features never before offered to the public in so convenient a form. In addition to the books of the Old and New Testaments and Psalms, this edition contains over one hundred departments of useful information to the student of the inspired volume, among which are the chronological order of the books, chronological table of Kings and Prophets of Judah and Israel: Passages in the Old Testament, quoted or alluded to in the New Testament; The Jewish Measures, Weights and Coins; An Index of Proper Names, with their meaning; Alphabetical Index to the first line of each Psalm; A Scripture Atlas with Complete Index and together with a *New Concordance upon an Improved Plan, and also Patent Index.*

Special Discounts to Teachers and Sunday School Workers.

PULPIT AND FAMILY BIBLES IN EVERY STYLE.

Bibles from 35 cents to \$15.00.
Testaments from 10 cents to \$1.00.

MANUAL OF BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY.

A Text Book on Bible History, Especially Prepared for the use of Students and Teachers of the Bible, for Sunday School Instruction, Containing *Maps, Plains, Review Charts, Colored Diagrams*, and Illustrated with Accurate Views of the principal Cities and Location known to Bible History. Price \$3.25. Write for Special Discount to Sunday School Workers.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

A New Wall Map of Palestine, Colored. Showing the Journeys and Deeds of Jesus. This Map is suitable for individuals, or classes studying the Leaflets issued by the Deseret Sunday School Union. Price \$2.00.

Send postal card for our New Catalogue,

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXV—No. 11.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1890.

TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

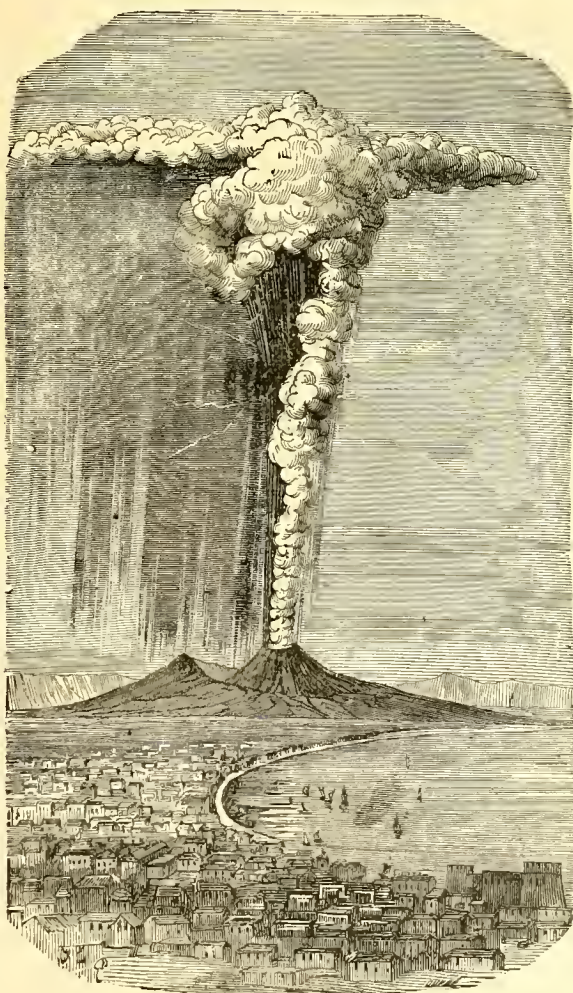
THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 294.]

WE WITNESS now another great struggle on the part of the oppressed classes of Rome for their rights. The liberties which were yielded to them long ago, have been gradually withdrawn, and the laws provided for their protection have passed into disuse. On every hand are heard the murmurs of the poor, who are kept almost in the condition of serfs by the oppressions and exactions of the rich. The victorious wars of the Romans have filled the city with slaves, and no occupation nor means of gaining a livelihood exist for the downtrodden poor. At length a champion arises in the

person of the young noble, Caius Gracchus, who has witnessed with sorrow and indignation the oppressions of his class. Rising one

day before the senate he details the wrongs endured by the people, and proposes that measures be at once taken for their redress. A storm of indignation is roused by his entreaties. The nobles are aghast that one of their own number should advocate a division of property among the inferior class. Fearing the influence of Gracchus and knowing that his power may deprive them of their privileges, the nobles rush to the assembly to prevent his election. In the tumult which ensues the noble Gracchus is slain, and the miseries of the poor are doomed to remain unaltered.



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

In time another friend rises for the poor in the person of a brother of the murdered Gracchus, but he, also, falls a victim to the fury of the greedy and pitiless nobility. Had their efforts been successful, the terrible scenes which ensue in the history of Rome would never have been enacted. Henceforth we see the supreme power in the hands of a corrupt and powerful aristocracy and the state a constant prey to civil dissensions and war, while the people are merely the instruments wielded by one or the other military chieftain to further his ambitious designs. Conscription and massacre, as either party prevails, thin the ranks of the proud nobles, and thus avenge the wrongs while they vindicate the wisdom and patriotism of the two Gracchi. We see impostors usurping the thrones of the principalities of Italy, and perpetrating every form of indignity and oppression by the power of gold lavished as bribes upon the members of the Roman senate. We see the people, tried at length beyond endurance, rousing themselves against the disgraceful abuse of power. Still greater dangers arise, which threaten the destruction of Rome itself. From remote countries vast hordes of barbarians, numberless descendants of the families which were scattered far and wide at the building of Babel, swarm from the north, and attracted by the fame of Rome's splendor, draw near to the borders of the great city and threaten its destruction. Four armies, consisting of Rome's bravest soldiers, are sent to repel them, but are successively defeated. At last Marius, the great Roman general, is placed in command of the Roman forces and the two great armies meet in battle. This time the hordes of savages with their rough warfare are no match for the disciplined and courageous Roman soldiers. A brilliant victory crowns their efforts and the tide of barbarian inundation is turned back for centuries.

This triumph, however, does not put an end to the evils and dangers which beset Rome. The thirst for power and distinction is now the prevailing passion, and each successful general or distinguished statesman in

turn plunges the state into turmoil in their efforts to obtain the supremacy of power in Rome. Sylla is opposed by his rival Marius and defeated, and a frightful massacre takes place, including all those who had taken sides against the conqueror. Sylla returns to Rome after the death of Marius, and finding himself chief in power, ordered the death of those who had remained faithful to Marius. Thus is Rome made a prey to anarchy and misrule.

At length Sylla dies, but the terrors of his reign are no sooner passed than a new danger threatens the peace of Rome. The victory of the Romans over many countries has resulted in filling the city with slaves, and these finding a leader in Spartacus, the Thracian captive; they rise in revolt and fly to Mount Vesuvius. Here they gather a force of one hundred thousand men, and issuing forth they defeat the Romans in several engagements and threaten Rome itself. Crassus, the Roman general, now meets them, and we see Spartacus slain and his army cut in pieces. Thus is the great danger averted.

Pompey, one of the greatest of Roman generals is now the chief power in Rome, in battle after battle we see his brilliant victories. In successive scenes of conquest which mark his career, we are carried to the far east to witness besides his other triumphs, the subjugation of Jerusalem. In the meantime our ears are filled with rumors of the fame of a man who has risen to renown through his consummate tact in politics and his skill and courage in war. This man is Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest characters in this drama of the world which we are now witnessing. Finding Pompey and Crassus opposed to each other in rivalry for the chief honors in Rome, Cæsar succeeds in conciliating them, and we see the establishment of the first of those triumvirates which are so famous in history. We see him conquer Gaul and then subduing race after race, carrying his successful arms to the remote province of Britian, and then returning to oppose the ambitious schemes of Pompey at Rome, who has been plotting to supplant him. A powerful enemy is this who

opposes Cæsar, and one backed by the greater part of the armies of Rome. There is but one course to pursue if Cæsar is to continue the career of glory upon which he has entered. Crossing the boundaries of the territories to which he has been assigned, he ventures upon the step which is to result either in his complete downfall, or the assumption of the highest power in Rome.

Pompey learning of Cæsar's determination to oppose violence with violence in the carrying out of his ambitious plans, collects the forces at his command and retreats to Epirus. We see the successful armies of Cæsar overrun Italy and Spain, and then cross to Epirus to give battle to Pompey. With his far superior forces, he succeeds in gaining a victory, and Pompey flees to Egypt. Cæsar follows determined not to abandon the warfare until he receives the full surrender of Pompey. When reaching Egypt he finds that his ambitious designs have already become secure of success. His great rival has been assassinated and the way remains clear for the victorious Cæsar. From Egypt he proceeds against Pharnaces in Pontus, and meeting him in the battle of Zela—the famous "*vini, vidi vici*" and announces his victory to the Roman Senate.

All Asia is now humbled, and Cæsar returns to Rome to celebrate his triumphs. The two sons of Pompey who have been engaged in forming a conspiracy against him, are defeated, and Cæsar finds himself master of Rome. He is now anxious to lay aside the sword and devote himself to arts of peace; but the great and useful plans he has formed for the welfare of Rome, are not to be carried out. A conspiracy is formed to put an end to his life, and we see him attacked in the senate house and falling pierced by the wounds dealt alike by friends and enemies. Envy is the cause which actuated his foes to perform the deed, and a false sense of patriotism inspires his friends, who fear that he wishes to make himself king. Thus ends the life of this great man, and now a thrilling scene is enacted.

The conspirators, filled with terror after the fulfillment of their base deed, flee to the capitol, fearing the vengeance of Cæsar's friends. Of those who have remained true to the cause of the great man is Mark Antony, the former comrade and friend of the dead hero. This man procures a decree that the murdered Cæsar shall be honored with a public funeral. The body is carried into the forum. All Rome is there to look their last upon the face of the dead hero. From his place beside the bier of his friend, Mark Antony rises to pronounce the funeral oration. But his words are not what the assembled populace have expected to hear. With burning words he denounces the conspiracy which has robbed Cæsar of his life, and, uncovering the body, displays the wounds made by the traitor's daggers. The sympathies of the people are aroused and acting upon the indignation which Antony's oratory has inspired, they proceed against the conspirators and compel them to leave the city. We see Antony now become master of Rome. Producing papers which he declares to contain the wishes and will of Cæsar, he strives to enforce them; but his demands at length exceeding the behests of reason, the senate oppose his will. Now we hear the divine eloquence of Cicero, inspired against the ambitious plans of Antony.

Octavius the nephew of Cæsar now arrives upon the scene to claim the place of power which had been held by his adopted father. A triumvirate is found with Lepidus and Mark Antony, and the three agree to divide the empire among themselves. We witness the massacre of the enemies of Cæsar, and all those who had opposed his successors. Cicero the great orator falls a victim to the hatred of Antony, and Brutus and Cassius defeated in battle, slay themselves to avoid witnessing the triumph of Rome's masters.

This is the last scene recorded to the glory of Mark Antony. We see his meeting with Cleopatra the Egyptian queen, and behold him lost to all sense of dignity and honor remaining captive to her fascination while the

concerns of his empire are left to other hands. The affairs of Rome demand his utmost vigilance and care, but he neglects all duties for the sake of the beautiful queen. Deserting his wife, the sister of Octavius, he incurs the enmity of his fellow triumvirs, and the battle now fought between them, deprives Antony of his empire. Awakening at last to a sense of the degradation into which he has fallen, and unable to bear his disgrace, he ends his life, and the beautiful queen for whom he has sacrificed all, determines not to outlive him. Placing an asp at her heart, she dies with its poisonous fangs buried in her bosom.

We now behold Rome adopting the nature of an empire, thus sacrificing the remaining liberties of the people to the selfish ends of human ambition.

Octavius rules with absolute power; but though the wars with outside nations still continue we see a reign of comparative peace in Rome. Civil strifes cease, and the gentler arts have time to develop and flourish. Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Sivy, produce works which shall endure for ages, the minds of men, recovering from the influence of the tragical scenes enacted for the accomplishment of the desires of human ambition, lend themselves to the contemplation of art. This state of peace does not long continue. Octavius dies and the empire goes over to the rule of those monsters whose natures partake of the ferocious attributes of the beasts. Tiberius, Caligula and Nero with their dark deeds of crime appear before us, and we are made to shudder at the examples of unparalleled cruelty which their daily acts display. Murder, riot, licentiousness flourish as a fruit of the prevailing wickedness of the times, and mark the reigns in which they existed with a stain which can never be effaced. After the death of these men we witness a brief season of peace, wrought by the wise measures of men who rule with moderation and prudence.

Vespasian restores the discipline of the army, and revives the power of the senate.

Magnificent buildings adorn the city. The coliseum is commenced, to stand for centuries as a type of the magnificent works of the period. Under his rule we see the event foretold centuries before in the ancient scriptures, fulfilled, and Jerusalem the great is destroyed and her inhabitants driven into punishment. Titus' reign of justice wins the admiration and praise of the wise and great men of his time. During his time we see portrayed the terrible scene of the destruction of Pompeii and other cities by the eruption of Vesuvius. We see the flourishing cities and then thousands of inhabitants buried beneath the burning lava which flows from the flaming crater of the volcano to lie embalmed for centuries, till resurrected at the hands of the people of a strange civilization who gaze upon them in wonder. A few succeeding reigns add to the better memories which the name of Rome awakens, and then we are called upon to behold the commencement of the decline of this greatest of the world's nations. Step by step we see her digressing till the last vestige of her splendid power is flown. The great states and kingdoms of the earth have been reduced to Roman sway. Far provinces of Eastern Asia, Greece, Egypt and the nations of Europe embracing the isles of Britain in the far north, have been brought within her power, till Rome claims for herself the proud title "mistress of the world." Now, however, soldiers and demagogues contend for power, and Rome in turn falls prey to each one of those who can bring to bear the most violent measures to execute their plans. Hordes of Barbarians sweep southward, and Rome, which has resisted this evil, which has threatened for centuries, now falls before their overwhelming numbers. We see now the last of the Roman emperors forced to resign the purple and witness the final extinction of that empire which has stood so long at the head of the nations of the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—♦—♦—♦—
AN undevout astronomer is mad.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

APPARENTLY there is no connection, save that of a common humanity, between the elegantly-dressed belle of New York society and the lonely, fur-robed man who, accompanied by a pack of dogs, gallops over the plains of Patagonia. But the ostrich plume which flutters above her head connects her with that hunter of the pampas.

Over those plains, extending for hundreds of miles, the ostrich roams in immense numbers. He is much smaller than his African cousin, and pinnated with less valuable feathers. Nevertheless, aided by the wild pampa life, he attracts scores of hunters who find in his pursuit gratification to their vagabond instincts and the means of satisfying their simple wants.

The hunter's outfit consists of ten or twelve hardy horses, five or six mongrel greyhounds, a lasso, a pair of bolas, a knife, and a long steel.

Besides these, and the necessary horse accoutrements, he carries a small stock of rice, biscuit, farina and sugar, a little spirits, and much mate, an herb which furnishes him with a cheering cup of tea.

The capa, a long robe of guanaco furs, is his cloak by day, for the winds are cold and searching, and his bed at night. If luxurious in his habits, he also carries a small tent. But usually a thick brush shelters him. This may become, if game is abundant in the vicinity, his headquarters for months, for he is indifferent to time. His larder is supplied with fresh meat by the flesh of the guanaco and the ostrich, in whose nest he finds eggs where-with to make a dozen palatable dishes.

The guanaco has been well described as an animal with the head of a camel, the body of a deer, the wool of a sheep, and the neigh of a horse. With the hide the hunter makes his lasso, reins, bolas, and shoes.

His horses are hardy, sturdy, and as tame as cats, except in one respect,—they don't like to be caught. At night they graze around the bush camp, and in the morning the hunt-

er lassoes the two or three who are to carry the packs for the day's march.

As soon as a horse sees that he has been singled out from the herd for capture, he does his best to avoid the flying noose. But the moment he feels the lasso fall around his neck, he stops short in his gallop and allows himself to be bridled. When the bit is once in his mouth the lasso is removed, and he will stand for hours in the same spot, without attempting even to graze.

With the bolas, or balls, the hunter secures his game. They are of two kinds. One kind used for ostrich hunting is of the round stones or pieces of lead, covered with leather and joined by a thong of from six to eight feet long. The other, used to capture the guanaco, is formed of three balls, united by thongs to a common center.

Much skill is required to throw the bolas so as to bring down the game. Swinging them around his head, until the requisite pitch of velocity is gained, the hunter, his horse going at full speed, hurls the balls at the swift-flying ostrich or guanaco. The instant they touch any part of the body they twist themselves round and round. The speed is hampered, and the bird, or animal, falls an easy prey to the hunter.

A traveller in Patagonia says that he has frequently seen a hunter throw the bolas at some refractory colt, going at full gallop.

So true was the aim that the balls would curl themselves about his hind legs, and effectually stop him, without doing him the least harm.

When throwing at an ostrich the hunter aims for the neck, that the balls may entangle his legs. The ostrich is a cunning bird, and when pursued by the dogs, has a trick of "doubling." As soon as the pack is near it, the bird suddenly darts sideways, and before the dogs can check their speed so as to turn and follow, the shrewd bird is a long way off.

Often at the approach of danger the ostrich crouches flat on the ground, with its neck stretched out under the grass. In that position it will remain motionless till the dogs

have passed. When the wind blows against the scent, the stratagem is successful. But should the dogs find the hiding bird, it lies still, as if bewildered by its failure, and makes no attempt to escape.

The traveler referred to once had a pampa dinner cooked by an ostrich hunter. The bill of fare was as follows: soup, rice and ostrich meat, broiled ostrich wings, ostrich steak, cold guanaco head, roast ostrich gizzard, ostrich eggs roasted before the fire, custard of ostrich eggs flavored with gin.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 301.)

ON ARRIVAL at home, both Lovina and Rhoda came out and asked Willard and Aseneth at once to come in as the services were about to begin.

"You will have to excuse us," replied Willard in none too gentle a way, "we have been sent up here to look on." I am ashamed to confess that for the moment Willard had forgotten the sad occasion that had brought himself and companion there and remembered only himself and his uncomfortable position. To complete the confession, I must further say that his angry resolve to make it impossible for him to be caught in such a situation again was accompined in his own mind with sundry expletives that were neither elegant nor hardly just to the various causes of his discomfort.

Lovina looked a little shocked at the half-angry tone of his voice, while Rhoda took no pains to disguise the disgust she felt at his words and situation. Aseneth hastened to explain how anxious Aunt Sarah was to show in some way her keen sympathy and sorrow, and as she could not possibly come herself she had sent them to be as it were her representatives, thus furnishing a couple of seats for friends who wished to go along to the "graveyard."

It was useless for Willard to remember how easily he might have avoided this scene by

simply waiting until the services were well under way; nor did it add to his comfort to know that the presence of Miss Aseneth was almost as unwelcome as it was unexpected. It was enough to know that he had got into the difficulty and the only thing to be done was to sit there silently and respectfully until such time as he was released to go home.

The services were short, and as they neared the close, quite a number of carriages drove up to the gate, some with people who felt the same fear of the contagion that Aunt Sarah did; so the two occupants of the carriage felt a little relieved to find they had so much company in their waiting. Not a word was exchanged between the two during their hour's delay, for Aseneth was a little hurt at the unnecessary sulkiness of her companion and the situation was one in which she had no hand.

The rest of the services were without incident so far as Willard was concerned and the ride home was almost as silent as the ride up to the city. As they traveled along homeward in silence it occurred to Bro. Gibbs that he had been acting like a boor. The quiet girl at his side, and the sudden remembrance that in all likelihood she had been as annoyed to be forced to accept his disagreeable company as he had been to accept hers made a quick glow of shame pulse through him. He was a man, and like a man, thought first of his own position; but he was not a selfish man at heart, and the training of childhood was more at fault for his "manliness" in that respect than the natural disposition of the lad. So after swallowing in a measure the lump of discomfort in his breast, he began a desultory conversation on the many improvements the city had undergone since he came to its friendly gates.

The days passed at the farm in the same monotonous fashion they had always done. Willard was very anxious to make some kind of a start at a home of his own; but he hardly knew how to get away from the Bishop, and yet he felt he must.

Without any distinct utterance as to words, Willard was yet unconsciously lift-

ing up his heart in silent and constant prayer to God for the way to be opened for him to get a home of his own; I say he did not formulate any words, he had not had the experience in those matters that older members of the Church had enjoyed. If I were to try to describe more fully what I mean, I should tell you that every time he thought about the matter, and that was not very seldom, this wish would accompany the thought—"oh that God would bless me with a house and home of my own—"but he had not thought of getting down on his knees and making it a subject of prayer. He learned the greater power given by this humble abandon of one's self to the mercy of God at a later period in his life, but as he had as yet not done so, his ignorance was not counted unto him, and the God he yearned to heard and answered his unspoken desires. At least, so he expressed his view of the events that thereafter transpired.

On the first of July, the Bishop's buggy drove into the farm yard at seven o'clock in the morning. The folks had just separated for the day's work, Aunt Sarah being busily engaged in that thankless but necessary task of cleaning up the children for the day. Aseneth was washing the breakfast dishes, while Willard was just driving out of the yard. The Bishop asked him to wait a few minutes and he would go along; then turning to respond to the noisy greeting of the children and to make Aunt Sarah happy by a few tender words of sympathy and a hearty kiss, the good man sat down on the doorstep and delivered his errand.

"Seneth, there is to be a grand march in the city this Fourth, and my girls are invited to take a part. Your sister was going to be one of the marchers, but she is afraid the walk will be too much for her. Now, she wanted me to ask you if you would not take her place, and she said something about your wearing her dress. Here is a letter from her that will explain it all, I guess, better than I can. Sarah, the children are all well, and we have had everything cleaned up and there is

not the least danger, so I want you to come up and bring all the children to spend the Fourth. I will come down on the third and help Willard to get you all up there. What do you say, Sarah?"

"Just what I always say, pa, I go and come as you want me to. But who all is to march? Are either of the 'girls' going?"

"I guess not, I haven't heard them say anything about it. Of course Mary wouldn't feel like it, and Fanny is not strong enough to walk in the procession."

The prospect of the holiday and the affectionate remembrance of her by all the "folks" made Aunt Sarah's heart warm with cheerful happiness, and if it was her way to show it by jokes and laughs and hints and pleasantries of various sorts, at least she had a right to her way. The Bishop excused himself to her for a few hours, as he wanted to go out with Willard and see how things were getting along. So after the buggy-horse was put in the stable recently built by Willard, the two men drove out of the yard in the wagon and made a complete tour of the farming land now under cultivation. Then the Bishop told Willard to drive over to the "twenty-acre" piece adjoining, which as yet had never had the virgin soil turned over to the face of the sun.

"This," explained the Bishop, "I entered as part of my claim at the same time I entered the rest of this quarter section. You see, it lies kind of corner ways to mine, but it is all included in the entry I made when I first came in. What do you think of this piece? Do you like its looks and situation?"

"Why, I did not know this was yours. I have often looked at it and wondered why it was not under cultivation. It will make some one a pretty farm. I think this land right here is as good as any in this whole valley. I never saw a better crop than is growing on the field adjoining this."

"Brother Willard, what are your intentions regarding your future life? You are a good school-teacher and we greatly need teachers. Do you intend to resume your labors in that line?"

"To make an honest confession," said the young man after a moment's reflection, "I do not think I should like to make my living at school teaching. I had a good trade that earned my living before I came here, but that, too, makes a man the servant of another man as long as he works for him. I think if the chance ever comes to me I shall get some farming land and build me a home on it. I find my health is excellent down here, and I enjoy the freedom of the farmer's life. I will be frank with you, Bishop, and say that this subject has been on my mind a good deal of late, and I have longed to have a talk with you in relation to the matter, but I hesitated somewhat lest you should think I was dissatisfied and ungrateful for all your kindness to me."

"You need have no fears on that score, Brother Willard, for I understand your feelings exactly. I will say further, that I have helped many a man to get a start in this city, and seldom have they thought it necessary to consider my interests or to do anything but make as much out of me as they could, and then go off without a word of gratitude or acknowledgment. I don't say this to find fault, for we come to these valleys filled with selfishness and ignorance. It takes some a long time to become familiar with the Holy Ghost, which is the spirit of charity and unselfishness. We think we have the spirit of our religion in the old country, or in our old home, but when we find that Zion is a temporal as well as a spiritual kingdom, we let ourselves return to the old worldly thoughts and feelings. There is a great deal of 'every man for himself and the devil for us all' right here in Zion; but we have got to get rid of that feeling sooner or later, and I realize for one that the best way for me to help that state of things to get here, is to begin with Bishop Mainwaring and his family, then help my friends and neighbors to do as I am trying to do. But there, I am preaching a sermon instead of telling what I am going to do with the twenty-acre piece; here," drawing out a paper from his pocket, "is a paper I have

made out to you for a quit claim deed to this land. Now, if you would like to settle down here on this place and make you a home, I shall be very glad, for I shall feel then as if Sister Sarah will have some one always near her to be a friend and to look after her interests when I am not here. Poor girl, she has no boys, and that is a great trial to her."

Willard was unable to answer for a few minutes, then he poured out his gratitude for the kindly act, and in his heart he was far more grateful than he could tell for the tact with which the Bishop made the gift seem a help to himself. Then he asked in what way was he to make the payments for the land, for he had saved very little of the wages he had earned. Greater still was his astonishment to hear the answer.

"You need not take any thought on that subject, Brother Willard, for you are quite welcome to the land without anything to pay. But if you do well and really want to do so, you can pay me for the expense I have been to in entering and fencing the land. That is all I shall accept under any circumstances, for I am not likely to forget your devotion to me and my interests. You are a true son of Ephraim, and as such I bless you, and say you shall be blessed, your land and your crops shall be blessed, your house and your home, and you shall yet receive fourfold for all that you have sacrificed for the church and kingdom of God."

Again that great promise, for the third time it had been pronounced upon his head. With no spoken word, only a glance of grateful love into the keen, kindly eyes bent on him, he turned his horses' heads in obedience to the word of the Bishop, and the elder man knew the heart of the younger one and felt a deeper affection for the homeless lad than he had ever felt before. As they jogged quietly along, the Bishop said,

"You will have to look you up a wife, Brother Gibbs. Houses are not homes without wives in 'em. No man can go alone into the celestial kingdom. Men and women are

useless when separated, but of great worth when united."

"I thank you, sir, for your kind advice, but I would not know where to look for a wife. I am not as bold as some men, and I don't think I am much of a favorite with the girls."

"Well, make the matter a subject of constant prayer, for it is of the utmost importance for a man to get the right one or ones. And I know of no way to do that except to get inspiration from God to know whom to choose."

They were at the farm gate, and Aunt Sarah came out to say that they had been waiting dinner for "hours."

It was arranged that Willard should go up the next day and take Aseneth, who would have a good deal of preparing for the grand march which was to come off on the Fourth. The Bishop promised to come down on the afternoon of the third to drive timid Aunt Sarah and the children to the city. With many and conflicting emotions Willard passed the next two days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EBAUCHE MAIS VERITABLE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 305.]

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Elydor re-entered the main room of the little tavern, a look of surprise met him from every one seated therein.

"Now what's the matter?" growled the landlord, "hain't the old woman fixed your room and your bed up nice enough?"

"Oh yes," replied Elydor, "all that is well enough; but I see there are some travelers camped only a short distance from here, and think I might make some profitable exchanges of goods with them." As he expected, a general chorus of remonstrances was immediately raised against his quitting the house that night.

The stranger thought him over anxious to do business in the line he was following; the

landlord tried to assure him that in the morning he would be able to make much better bargains than he could do that night; the old lady knew he would be sure to take cold, and likely never get over it; while the two boys tried to out-do each other in terrible descriptions of the swamps, and mire which lay between the tavern and the campers.

Nothing daunted, however, Elydor stoutly declared his intentions to risk all, and make the attempt to reach the wagons and the camp fire, at all hazards; calling attention to the fact that the storm had ceased, the moon was shining, and inviting the other guest to accompany him.

The invitation was rather rudely declined, but served as a pretext for the old man to send his two boys along with Elydor, to help him find the way down to the camp, and back again.

To this arrangement Elydor raised no objections, feeling relieved at the chance of getting away from the house, even if the rough boys did go with him. He thanked the old man for his consideration, and was soon on his way again, with a heart full of gratitude to God for having saved him from what he felt would have been, ere morning, a violent death. He could not help thinking to himself about the traveler who was remaining at the inn, and wondering what would be his fate. The boys said but little as they walked on except to offer two or three times to assist him with his trunks, which he kindly assured them was not necessary.

"Where are the swamps and miry places you spoke of?" Elydor asked, as they neared the camp, having found all the way plain, good walking.

"Guess the rain must have washed the mire away, and sunk the mud holes," said the elder boy; and the other said he hadn't been down there for a day or two, and the road had changed "mightily" since he was there before. Elydor soon found that he was welcome among the campers, and turning to the boys he said, "I shall not return to the tavern, so you have no need to wait for me."

Here is the money to pay for my supper, and I wish you a safe journey home."

The boys looked disappointed, but took the money and also the hint which accompanied it, and went away without saying anything.

Beside finding comfortable lodgings with the travelers, Elydor sold and exchanged some of his goods to advantage, among them; but better still, and that which gratified him most, was the fact that he found also, an opportunity of scattering, and leaving with them, seeds of truth, and a strong testimony of the divine calling of the latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith.

The next afternoon, in the town to which he made his way, Elydor heard inquiries for the peddler with the horse and cart, who had stopped at the tavern the night before. Friends were awaiting him but he came not.

Feeling impressed to hasten on, and say nothing of his suspicions in regard to the inn-keepers, in that place, (for it was a rough one,) he heeded the whisperings of the "still small voice," and traveled on. A few weeks later, he learned that the finding of the ill-fated peddler's horse, turned loose not far from the tavern, had led to the arrest of the whole family of inn-keepers, and a search which brought to light many atrocities. This proved beyond question, that his determination not to abide over night in the place against which the Spirit of God had warned him, had saved his life.

CHAPTER XI.

Reaching once more the state of New York, Elydor gladly visited among several branches of the Church which had been organized in different sections, and was warmly greeted by the Saints as a brother and friend.

This, after traveling for many days on foot, and meeting with many people who opposed the pure principles of truth, as he understood and taught them, seemed much like going into a better world than he had previously known.

The testimony meetings, held principally in private dwelling houses, were to him, a source of inexpressible delight and intense satisfaction.

He was on his way to a Sabbath morning meeting, passing through a wood when he bethought himself that he had a question to answer for a certain gentleman who had promised to be there. The question which had been propounded was this: "What is meant by 'the souls of men' as the expression occurs in the Bible?" Leaving the road, he sought the thick shade, and knelt in prayer, asking the Lord, with much earnestness, to give unto him the correct answer to the question. When about to arise a voice said unto him in unmistakable clearness, "The spirit and the body is the soul of man." Rejoicing greatly that the Lord was so abundant in His mercies, and so ready to fulfill His promises to even the smallest of those who would ask of Him, Elydor hastened on to the place appointed for the meeting.

Arriving early, great was his delight to find awaiting him and others of the brethren, a messenger from the Prophet, who delivered to them, among other things, a copy of that lengthy "Revelation given through Joseph the Seer, at Kirtland, Geauga Co., Ohio, Dec. 27th, 1832." In this revelation, fifteenth verse, he read the exact words which had been given him by the spirit of God but a short time previous: "And the spirit and the body is the soul of man." He was now fully prepared to answer the question which had been asked of him, and to preach an able discourse, which, agreeable to the wishes of the presiding officer he did, after reading the revelation to the eager though small congregation of Saints.

Good fortune and the blessings of the Lord still following Elydor, he soon had the privilege of visiting the town in which his mother's sister, Mrs. Alice Kane, and her family resided.

Polly had accepted and married Sam, and with him and her two children, had again set up housekeeping for herself. So Elydor

found only his uncle and aunt and their two younger daughters in their quiet little home.

Having heard of his coming, the family were none of them greatly surprised, but all much pleased to see him. It was now April, and Ivie was seventeen. She had overcome the great sorrow of her young life so much that she could again enter into conversation, either lively or sedate. Intense suffering, and the blessed influence of the gospel had so enriched her soul, so mellowed and enlarged her mind, that Elydor at once discovered his pretty, pale-faced, blue-eyed cousin to be, what all intelligent gentlemen are pleased to find their lady friends—a fine conversationalist. Her cordial greeting, the simplicity and frankness of her style, and her loyalty to the truth, even in the most minute particulars, all together, won the admiration and high, manly esteem of the young man, before the first hour of their personal acquaintance had past.

And what were Ivie's first impressions of Elydor Vere, the cousin of whom she had heard a great deal, but had never before seen? That he was severely plain in his appearance; his handsome hazel eyes, and his wealth of glossy black hair and whiskers being, as she thought, his only outward attractions. But, she had soon to admit to herself, that he was *intelligent*, more so than men in general with whom she met; and so humble, so sincere, and so charitable in his spirit, that she could not help liking him, even if he could not be pronounced "good-looking."

The next morning after Elydor's arrival at his aunt's, a horse and buggy stopped at the door, and Abbie called out to her sister that uncle's man had come for her. In a moment or two, Ivie stood by the buggy with her shawl and bonnet on. "So you are going away, when I have come to see you!" Elydor remarked to her, as he assisted her into the buggy.

"Only a short time," Ivie answered, "I'll be back tomorrow or next day. Uncle's girls have been wanting me to visit them for

ever so long, and now they have sent for me."

As she promised, she returned the next evening, bringing with her one of their uncle's daughter's, cousin Carrie, a girl about the same age as herself. "Cousin Elydor's gone," said Abbie, in a jocular way, appearing at the front windows as the two girls alighted from the buggy. Ivie knew by the smile on her mother's dear face, as she met and kissed her affectionately, that nothing of a nature to disappoint them had happened.

But Carrie gave vent to her disappointment in this strange way: "Look here, Aunt Alice; I've come down here on purpose to see my Cousin Elydor, and now he isn't here!"—he wrote me the *best letter* that ever was a while ago—I know there never could be another written like it! and Ivie has seen him before I have, and he has never written to her at all! and she doesn't care at all about his coming, and I am nearly dead to see him—just see, Ivie doesn't make a bit of fuss!"

"I think you can make fuss enough for both of us, Carrie," said Ivie, laughing a little at her cousin's wild words. "It would hardly do for us all to get excited at once; besides, as cousin Elydor is not here, it is no use making a parade for his benefit; I'll wait till he comes."

"He has only gone to meeting with your father, they will be here soon," remarked Mrs. Kane.

And with this assurance, the young ladies left the room to lay off their riding apparel, and smoothe their hair.

Carrie remained visiting with her uncle, aunt and cousins for two weeks, and then went home, feeling dissatisfied and unpleasant.

She was pretty and very social, but too piquant, and too "gushing," (the girls would call it now, it doesn't matter what name, if any, they had for it in those older times,) to hold, for any length of time, a reciprocity with her plain, straightforward cousin Elydor.

She had hoped to charm him, but was disappointed.

Not long after Carrie's visit had ended, Elydor accompanied his aunt and cousins, Ivie and Abbie, to an evening testimony meeting.

Every one present seemed filled to overflowing with the Spirit of God. The best of order prevailed, and many beautiful testimonies were borne. And to Elydor's mind, no sermon from mortal lips was ever more acceptable before God, than were the words of Ivie when she arose and bore testimony to the truth of the gospel that evening.

This it was, which decided Elydor Vere's fortune, as far as choosing a life companion was concerned. "What a helpmate to a man, a woman possessed of such a spirit would be!" he soliloquized. And from that time his admiration for his cousin deepened and extended until it bore the impress of strong, pure love.

As they walked home after the close of the meeting, Ivie proposed a call at her sister Emilie's, as it was on their way. Mrs. Kane partially objected, saying it was rather late, and her husband would wonder at their long absence.

Elydor, therefore expressed his willingness to make the call with Ivie, and let the others walk on, if agreeable to all parties.

This plan was agreed to; so, Ivie led the way into her eldest sister's house.

The children were all asleep, and Emily and her husband were just going into their neighbor's, next door, as some one there was sick.

"Give Ivie my sister's letter to read, and come on, we'll be back in a minute," Emilie's husband remarked to her.

"I don't like to give her the letter, it may hurt her!" Emily replied in an under tone.

"What's the difference, she'll have to know some time; give it to her, and come on," said the husband, carelessly, and Emily obeyed.

Elydor took up a book and sat down by the table where the light stood, as Ivie un-

folded and began reading the letter. Presently a low moan escaped from Ivie's lips, and her cousin looking up, sprang to her side just in time to prevent her falling to the floor. She had fainted, and taking her in his arms, he placed her upon a sofa, and then turned to see what next he ought to do. Picking up the letter which had fallen from her hand, as he placed it upon the table he saw at the top of the last page, "William was married on the day—"

A strange vision seemed to open up before him, and a great sympathy for Ivie, which he had never before felt welled up in his heart.

Bending over the young girl as she lay there in her childlike helplessness, he bathed her white face and moistened her lips with cold water, mentally resolving not to call for the assistance of unbelievers, if he could, through the blessings and power of God, restore her to consciousness himself. While he applied the water to her lips and forehead, he prayed for her also, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. As soon as she could speak, he asked if he should call her sister. "Oh no!" she answered, "do not call them, do not let them know. I shall soon be better. *Pray* for me, cousin Elydor, and I shall be *well*."

He then administered to her, in the name of Jesus, rebuking the power of the adversary; and soon after she said they would go home.

She called to her sister and told her they were going, good nights were exchanged, and they walked slowly away. Emily and her husband never knew what had happened in their house that evening, nor how the reading of the letter had affected Ivie.

CHAPTER XII.

Elydor's duties would soon be calling him from that part of the country, and he resolved to make known to Ivie the affection he felt for her, and learn from her if his hopes were to be realized, before leaving. For although

he felt sure that Ivie's heart had not always been free, he believed that it was free enough now, so that he might win it. A few days after the meeting referred to in the last chapter, he found a pleasant opportunity for the declaration he wished to make. All the members of the household, except Ivie and himself, were called away from home on errands of different kinds; and he sat reading to her while she worked, for her fingers were never idle.

He closed the book, at the end of a chapter, and looking up at her said, "Ivie, your father does not mean to move up to Kirtland; the spirit of 'gathering' has not rested upon him. What do you say to going there with me to live, after my mission is fulfilled here, and when we are old enough to unite our fortunes?"

Of late, Ivie had allowed her mind to draw comparisons between the characters of her former lover, and her cousin, which could but create impressions favorable to the latter.

Characteristics which she had once admired as brave and heroic in William, when compared with the manly and ever generous traits exhibited in Elydor's nature, she could see now, were the results of unrestrained stubbornness and self-assurance. That which she had once considered keen-sightedness in William, she could now but acknowledge to herself, was simply an evidence of hasty conclusions, immaturely formed, and too readily assumed; which, contrasted with Elydor's cool, calm reasoning, and unbiased judgment, appeared puerile indeed.

These, and many other qualities which came under consideration in the young woman's mind, pled Elydor's cause, silently, but successfully.

True to that truth, for which she would have unhesitatingly laid down her life, if necessity had required it, Ivie confessed to her cousin, as she had never before told in words, how fathomless had been the depth of her early love, how keen the shaft of its disappointment.

This confession, to one so deeply interested,

and with all so sympathetic, proved a great relief to her heart; never again seemed its burden so heavy.

She also acknowledged, with genuine frankness, that she believed her cousin to be possessed of that true nobility which would win the respect and love, and insure the happiness of the woman he might choose for his wife; and that she would venture to risk it, if he would.

So Ivie Kane buried her first love, with a firm determination to love again, this time with fair prospects that her hopes for future happiness would not soon be shattered.

When her parents returned home, with great satisfaction and joy, they learned that (with their consent) Elydor would, upon bidding good-bye to his friends in the State of New York, leave their darling Ivie as his betrothed wife.

Please note these worthy facts, dear young lady readers; and say within your hearts, "If Ivie Kane could so bravely endure, so nobly overcome, and so wisely decide, at the age of seventeen, need any one of us ever be weak enough to say, after forming an unfortunate attachment, 'I cannot give him up! it would kill me! I cannot forget him! I shall never love again!'"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

EVERY day men sow the wind in defiance of the certainty that they must reap the whirlwind. In no particular is this disposition more noticeable than in the wrongful use of power by a political majority. To continue themselves, for a little time longer, in authority, they will wink at abuses. they will wrest rules and laws from their simple meaning and just intent, and they will institute vicious precedents to return at a later time to vex and injure them and the next generation of their own political partisans. The country is just now witnessing a startling illustration of this tendency. Speaker Reed of the National House of Representatives, a Republican, is

exercising the authority of his position in a manner hitherto unknown. By his arbitrary rulings the rights of the Democratic minority are practically extinguished. Even the privilege of speech-making, so dear to the average congressman, is often abrogated; and all that the gentlemen on the Democratic side can do is to fold their hands in sullen silence, muse their wrath in the hope of a day of vengeance, and in the meantime watch the Republican majority enact such measures as their party managers fancy will insure to them a long continuance of advantage. It is the talk of the newspapers and politicians that the Republicans expect to lose control of the House next March, and they are determined to institute such measures as will secure to them control of the Senate for the indefinite future. While helplessly watching these proceedings, the Democrats are meditating upon a scheme of revenge. Some of them have gone so far as to express their preference for Speaker, if the next House shall be Democratic as they anticipate. These gentlemen have selected a well known member who, they say, "will out Reed Reed." They boast with some pride that he will not be a whit more scrupulous, while in disposition he is even more combative and partisan. If the Democratic hope shall be realized, what a position the Republican minority of the House will be in! They have established the bad precedent. They have recognized the right of the speaker to play the tyrant. They have consented to the stifling of all voice from the minority. They have made the rule by which a majority is the absolute autocrat of legislation—making the majority, in fact, the whole House, just as much as if no minority existed. What redress can they look for, what sympathy can they expect when the conditions are reversed? It is human nature to be amused when the tables are turned, to laugh when a doctor is forced to swallow a dose of his own medicine. Should they cry out at the next speakers injustice, the Republicans would only appear ridiculous, and to be laughed at is a serious matter for a politician.

Judged by all the indications, the Republican injustice in the House will prove to be a boomerang.

Not less likely to come back and inflict evil upon its adherents is the project to disfranchise all the members of this Church merely because of their belief. The following is a copy of the test oath which has been formulated to compass their exclusion from all political rights, as it appears in the bill introduced by Mr. Cullom into the Senate and by Mr. Struble, of Iowa, into the House:

I, being duly sworn (or affirmed), depose and say that I am over twenty-one years of age; that I have resided in the Territory of Utah for six months last past, and in this precinct for one month preceding the date hereof; that I am a native-born (or naturalized as the case may be) citizen of the United States; that my full name is; that I am years of age; that my place of business is; that I am a married (or single) man; that the name of my lawful wife is; that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and will faithfully obey the laws thereof; that I will especially obey the acts of Congress prohibiting polygamy, bigamy, unlawful cohabitation, incest, adultery, and fornication; that I will not hereafter at any time, within any Territory of the United States, while said acts of Congress remain in force, in obedience of any alleged revelation or to any counsel, advice, or command from any persons or source whatever, or under any circumstances, enter into plural or polygamous marriage, or have or take more wives than one, or cohabit with more than one woman; that I will not at any time hereafter; in violation of said acts of Congress, directly or indirectly aid or abet, counsel or advise any person to take or have more than one, or to cohabit with more than one woman, or to commit incest, adultery, or fornication; that I am not a bigamist or polygamist; that I do not cohabit polygamously with persons of the other sex, and that I have not been convicted of any of the offenses above mentioned; that I am not a member of and do not contribute to the support, aid, or encouragement of any order, organization, association, or society which teaches, advises, counsels, encourages, or aids any person to enter into bigamy, polygamy, or patriarchal or plural celestial marriage, or which teaches or advises that any such law as aforesaid is not supreme; or that any alleged revelation on the subject of such marriage is paramount to any such law or any of the doctrines, tenets, teachings, or instructions of which, or any alleged revelations to which require, encourage, advise, authorize, or instruct any person, under any circumstances, to enter into or practice the relations of bigamy, polygamy, or plural, patriarchal, or celestial marriage is authorized, performed, or provided for, or in which any person in any way is assisted, aided or abetted in the solemnization

or ceremonies of any such marriage, or in which any party participating in the solemnization or ceremonies of any marriage is bound to secrecy regarding the same, under any oath, obligation, covenant, penalty, or promise.

The warring Christian sects of this country would be quick to take advantage of such an infamous precedent if it should ever be enacted into law.

For instance: There is a strong anti-Catholic sentiment in the United States, especially in New England, where already a zealous organization has advanced the idea of applying the principles of anti-Mormon legislation against the church of Rome. In a papal decree of 1886, appears this unmistakable language:

The judicial functionaries must refuse obedience to the state and to the laws of the country which are in contradiction with Roman Catholic precepts.

And the same idea is reiterated in the Pope's encyclical of last January, in the following words:

But if the laws of the state are in open contradiction with the divine law, if they command anything prejudicial to the church or are hostile to the duties imposed by religion or violate in the person of the supreme pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then indeed it is a duty to resist them and a crime to obey them, a crime fraught with injury to the state itself.

Now suppose it should seem desirable to some party in power to proscribe all Catholics, a supposition not at all impossible of realization. Taking the proscriptive enactments against the Latter-day Saints as a precedent, how easy it would be for the anti-Catholics party to rob their opponents of inestimable political rights, by means of a statute containing this provision:

Every person as a condition precedent to the right to vote, hold office or serve on juries, shall, in addition to the usual oaths required in such cases, take and subscribe an oath or affirmation as follows: I do solemnly swear that I am not a member of and do not contribute to the support, aid, or encouragement of any order, organization, association or society which teaches, advises, counsels encourages or aids any person to refuse obedience to the laws of this country, or which teaches or advises that any such law is not supreme, or that any alleged divine or ecclesiastical utterance is paramount to any such law, or any of the doctrines, tenets, teachings or instructions of which or any alleged divine or ecclesiastical utterance

to which require, encourage, advise, authorize, or instruct any person, under any circumstances, to resist the laws of the land or to disobey them,"

Such an enactment would proscribe every member of the Catholic church.

Nor is this the full extent to which such unrighteous persecution could be carried. Not long since a national conference on the Christian principles of civil government was held in Washington. The platform on which the work of that conference was based was signed by eminent statesmen and by renowned clergymen of various denominations. One of the planks in that platform is subjoined:

"Among the principles which this association holds to be fundamental in civil government are these: Nations and governments are accountable to Almighty God and are bound by the Moral Law; the Lord Jesus Christ is the actual Governor of Nations, and His Will, revealed in the Holy Scriptures, is the supreme rule to decide moral questions in political life."

The platform or call for the conference declares that underlying certain practical issues, which are recited, there "is a deeper and more radical controversy provoked by those who deny that civil government sustains any relation to God, or to Christ, or to the Moral Law; who deny that our laws and institutions should bear at any point the impress of the Christian religion; and who are striving constantly and of deliberate purpose to obliterate every Christian feature of American institutions and divorce our government from all connection with religion. Such issues, pressed by such forces, constitute a veritable crisis in the life of the nation." Suppose when the "crisis" is past that the Christian Association of all sects shall find its worst fears realized and a materialistic or infidel party in control of the government—a party which would "strive constantly and of deliberate purpose to obliterate every Christian feature of American institutions and to divorce our government from all connection with religion." Suppose, further, that to the dominant infidel party it should seem desirable to proscribe all Christians, a supposition not at all chimerical. With the proscriptive enactments against the Mormons for a precedent,

how easy, how reasonable, how justifiable it would be for the anti-religion party to rob all Christians of political rights by means of a law containing these words:

Every person, as a condition precedent to the right to vote, hold office or serve on juries, shall, in addition to the usual affirmations required in such cases, take and subscribe the following affirmation: I do solemnly affirm (under penalty of perjury if I affirm falsely) that I am not a member of and do not contribute to the support, aid or encouragement of any order, organization, association or society which teaches, advises or holds that any being other than the one elected by the people at the polls is the actual president, governor or chief ruler of this nation, or which teaches, advises or holds that the laws of this nation are not supreme under any and all circumstances, or any of the doctrines, tenets or teachings of which advise, instruct, hold, claim or counsel that any alleged revelation of the will of any being is the supreme rule or law to decide any question of civil or political life.

Such an enactment would proscribe every member of every Christian church.

The logic and the argument used by way of illustration are not far-fetched, however far the nation may be from the experience of such dire calamities. We have not even taken into account the awful progress which often follows an act of proscription. Thus it stands today, without any accession of bigotry, without any new discovery of religious offenses against the law, without transcending the "sacred rule and justification" of precedent. Under the identical plan conceived to rob the Mormons of their liberty every member of every other Christian church may be similarly despoiled whenever an antagonistic majority may conclude by such means to wickedly perpetuate itself in power. Like Speaker Reed's tyrannical rulings, the proposed anti-Mormon legislation may return to harass and wound the men who sent it forth.

UNDER the trying circumstances of this epoch the young people of the Latter-day Saints have a grand opportunity to learn the lessons of moral endurance. The world is engaged in a moral struggle, and the people who are best equipped with the staying quality will win. The government has, at

immense cost of time and money, established academies where the select youth of the land are trained in physical and mental exercises. Their muscles are toughened and their minds strengthened so that they may be prepared for the hardships of the field and sea, or the long sustained exertions of science. The result repays the cost. This nation will have a body of men well inured to physical effort, who can be called to man ships of war, to prosecute arduous campaigns on the frontier, or to guard the country's honor and welfare in case of invasion. It will have a body of men seasoned to intellectual labor who can search the sciences and secure help for mankind. All this the nation is doing consciously. At the same time it is unconsciously maintaining a school of moral endurance, and at still greater cost, for in this case its expenditure is not of mere time and money, but of principle. The youth that study in this school are also select and they should deem themselves fortunate. It must devolve upon them to repay the cost of their schooling. Let them but study the lessons of this time with patriotic fortitude and the nation will have a body of men whose moral integrity is so tenacious that no force can break it, and so strong that no power can withstand it. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakespeare. It is true; and, therefore, sweet are the uses of persecution. We expect to see many of the graduates of this national academy of moral endurance called to exalted position, where their present lessons will be made available. Men who are conscious of their physical powers and endurance, rush into a contest and win victory, while the man with untrained and untried muscles trembles or flees. A man plunges into the troubled sea and rescues a fellow-mortal from death. "How did you dare?" asks a companion. "It was merely a trick of diving I learned when a boy." Men who are conscious that their minds are capable of severe and continuous mental effort, engage in labors which would appall an untried intellect. A man announces an astronomical calculation

hitherto unknown. "How did you find it?" asks a friend. "By working until the end was reached. I was taught at school never to forsake a problem while it had a single unknown quantity." So it is with men when moral strength is required. The youth of this school will never fear the misjudgment of the world. They will never stand affrighted in the face of solemn duty, as I have seen high officials, merely because behind it stalks political disfavor. To the full limit of their rightful authority, they will sustain the downtrodden and restrain the oppressor. They will ask, "Is it right?" not "Is it politic?" If the inquiry is made of them, "How do you dare to favor an unpopular measure?" they can answer, "Because we learned the lesson of moral endurance in our youth. We learned to battle against political injustice until we mastered it, and now it has for us no terror. We know that popularity is only popularity for a breath, but right is right for all time and all eternity. We have seen men hold their places for a brief hour by timid policy or corruption, and then we have seen them drop into oblivion. We have seen men filled with remorse for their cowardice, but we have never seen man regret his courage. We know that it is now as it always was 'better to be right than to be President.' "

Such men, so trained, will be the heroes of their time.

The Editor.

APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEIVE.

AN AMUSING instance of the deception of outward appearances occurred recently in a New York police court. A man had been arrested for a misdemeanor, and, being required to furnish bail for his appearance at the time set for his trial, had obtained the promise of a friend to give security for his person when wanted. The friend, Samuel Trowitz, presented himself before the judge, who gave one glance at his sorry appearance, and shook his head doubtfully.

Samuel was one of the most dilapidated bags

of rags that ever wore the aspect of a Polish Jew. He was old, unclean, ragged, and shook with the palsy.

"This bond is \$500," said the clerk. Have you got that much in real estate?"

"I guess so," piped the old man, wiping his reddened eyes and chattering like a rattle box. "I've got two tenement houses in Mulberry street; two clothing stores in Baxter street; the Mortgage on a Bowery theatre that is as good as foreclosed; two lots in Washington Heights; a block in Flarbusch. How much is that?"

And taking the figures with each item the clerk was scribbling with all his might.

"Seventy-three thousand dollars," gasped the clerk.

"Will that do?" croaked the bondsman.

"Very well, thank you," said the judge, with a smile, and as the old fellow tottered out he added, "that's one of the wonders of this New York life. You would think that all the real estate that old chap had was on his person, but look at his schedule."

THE JUMPING BEANS.

THE mystery of the jumping beans of Mexico has been solved, and the explanation is simple enough. There is in each bean a worm, whose instinct it is to skip so as to put the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil, and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico, these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground under the trees upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. This is one of the many wise provisions of nature for the planting of her seeds.

ECONOMY is of itself a great revenue.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Riches Alone do not Produce Happiness.



NOT long since, while passing along the street, the Editor overheard a few words of a conversation between two young ladies, in which one remarked to the other, "I wish I was rich," and then she followed with a statement of what she would do if she were in that condition. The manner in which she expressed herself was suggestive of many thoughts.

It is not an unfrequent thing for young people to express a wish to be rich, probably with the view that abundance of means greatly contributes, or is perhaps indispensable, to happiness. This feeling is not confined to young people; those of mature years sometimes have the same view. But to young people, who have not had experience in the world, and who have not had opportunities of witnessing the effects which follow the possession of wealth, the material enjoyments of life present strong attractions. They keenly enjoy everything which brings pleasure to the senses, and many of them derive their chief happiness from the society in which they are thrown and the external surroundings in which they are placed.

Money will, as a rule, procure this kind of enjoyment. It will build superb buildings and furnish them richly; it will buy splendid equipages, elegant costumes, all kinds of food that will please the palate, and every luxury and amusement, and by its aid a continued round of gayety can be obtained. It enables mankind to gratify their carnal desires, and for this reason it is craved and sought for. Men will risk their salvation and commit the most abominable crimes, not even hesitating at

murder, to obtain it. It is the god of this world, and Satan strives to have every one come to its shrine, knowing that in so doing they worship him. He showed our Lord and Redeemer all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and offered to give them to Him if He would worship him.

But though riches are so powerful, their possession does not, of itself, bring true happiness. The words of the wise man, as written in Proverbs, ought, in this connection, to be remembered:

"Give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

These sentiments express the feelings and desires of every righteous man and woman. It is not a good condition for men and women to be so poor that they live in constant anxiety as to how they will obtain necessary food and raiment. So far, then, as riches relieve them from this worry and care, they contribute to their happiness; but beyond this it too frequently happens that riches are a burden and a trouble, and a fruitful source of evil.

Latter-day Saints of experience have learned that it is quite possible to be very happy when riches are absent. In the past trials through which the Church had to pass, the Saints had many opportunities to prove this. Very frequently we hear them refer to the happy times which they had in former days when on the plains or when Salt Lake valley was first settled; yet those were days of poverty and hardship. We also hear Elders mention with satisfaction and pleasure the days which they spent on missions without purse or scrip. Under those circumstances their riches consisted of faith; they were poor in all else; but they were happy.

What does this prove? It proves that there are other sources of happiness than riches, and that unfavorable external circumstances do not always make people unhappy. Probably there are millions of men and women,

who were poor and are not Latter-day Saints who have also proved this by experience. Wise men and women, the world over, are familiar with this. The fact is, men and women who depend upon others, or upon external surroundings, to make them enjoy themselves, cannot be truly happy. While it is true that there are many things which come from the outside—that we see, feel and partake of—which give us pleasure and enjoyment, the fountain of happiness must be within us. We must carry it with us, and all those who do not have this fountain with them, but depend upon the society of friends or upon riches to supply them with its joys are greatly to be pitied. We have met people who were in this condition, who had never, apparently, discovered that they had resources of happiness within themselves which only needed to be cultivated and aroused to furnish them boundless enjoyment.

The chief element of true happiness is contentment. Not contentment that accompanies indifference and indolence; but the contentment that flows from the consciousness of having done one's duty and being in the position designed by the Lord for one to occupy. When one has the Spirit of the Lord as a companion and this kind of contentment, happiness is the result, even though poverty should be the condition. A desire for riches is apt to bring discontent. It is liable to produce envy and covetousness. No person in whom these evil feelings find place can be happy.

The ideal condition for mankind to be in is one where there are no rich and no poor. Under such circumstances the people will not be divided into classes. Every one will have sufficient to supply necessary wants and all reasonable comforts and conveniences. The philosopher, Locke, defines riches as not consisting in having more gold and silver, but in *having more in proportion*, than our neighbors. As society is now organized there are many who have more gold and silver, and articles which gold and silver will buy, than their neighbors, and this produces an inequality

which makes one class the envy of another, and causes those who are rich to look down, sometimes with contempt, on their poorer neighbors.

One of the causes of the happiness of early days in Salt Lake valley was the equality which prevailed among the people. The houses, the furniture, the clothing, the food, were all very much alike. True, there were some who were better managers than others. Their houses were better built; their furniture was neater and better made; their clothing bore the marks of better skill in its manufacture and fit; their food was in greater variety, because of taste in production and preparation; and the increase of conveniences of various kinds around them were evidences of their industry and ingenuity. But, with all this, distinctions of class had not arisen. It required years of time to make the distinctions which now appear.

To our young readers we say: Be not eager to be rich. Envy not. Covet not. Cultivate a contented spirit. Seek to be happy within. The possession of the Spirit of the Lord will bring that. Then if external circumstances are also favorable, you can enjoy the pleasure which they give in addition.

TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

TURKEY is a country principally composed of Asia Minor and the Arabian peninsula. Its inhabitants are chiefly Moslems, followers of the doctrines taught by the great Arabian prophet and reformer, Mohammed. The subject of our picture here presented is a Mohammedan *imam* or priest, though he may also be simply a school teacher, in which case he is an assistant to the *imam*. It is often his duty to call the faithful to prayer five times a day. To do this he ascends one of the high minarets attached to the Turkish mosque or church, and there calls out that it is time to worship God. There is a specified verse for the various occasions, and on Friday—the Mohammedan Sabbath—a long chant is

also given. The whole produces a very fine impression upon the attentive listener, especially when the chanter is a good vocalist.

The *imam* or *khodja*—teacher—can always be known by his having a long strip of white Swiss systematically tied around his head, as you will see by the picture of our Turkish

very exemplary morally and very enthusiastic for his religion. He will not argue with a stranger respecting his faith, but will content himself by relating his own doctrines and traditions, and then expect the listener to make up his or her mind to receive or reject without argument. A Mohammedan is



MOHAMMADEN PRIEST.

friend. The picture represents a Turk, and it is safe to say he is a pious and devout man, for, as a whole, the Mohammedans are more zealous in their faith and traditions than are we Christians.

A Turkish *imam* or *khodja* is a very quiet and dignified person. He is, as a rule,

taught that his religion is so plain and reasonable it needs no discussion to comprehend it. This may have been so when a follower of Mohammed was contending with an idolator who knew nothing about the true and living God, but bowed down to the various objects of creation and not the Creator, for

in such a case Islam is a wonderfully clear religion, easy to be expounded and comprehended. It is a fact that the Christian world do not like to know nor acknowledge that the converts to Islam far exceed in number the converts to Christianity. A Mohammedan missionary goes right to the natives, makes himself one with them, teaches them a little out of the Koran and instructs the unbeliever that God is one, that He is great, good, and all-wise and all-powerful, filled with love and compassion for all His creatures. They work against cruelty and instil gentleness among their followers, and in no case will they accept any traditions as doctrinal rites of a heathenish character to be mingled with Islamism as has so often been the case with the Christians.

The Moslem missionary brings with him some little learning and in a short time he has worked a great reform among the idolators. They are now pushing their work with vigor and zeal in Africa and China. Islam is a very great improvement upon the rude superstitions of the heathens and it will yet be seen that it is and has been a great saving process in the economy of our Father in heaven with His children here upon the earth.

It was said above that the Mohammedans are not fond of arguing about their doctrine. This is so much the fact that they are often regarded as very fanatical and haughty, and, indeed, they have a dignified bearing and appear to feel they are superior to others, and where this has been over-zealously impressed upon the rabble they are very dangerous in extreme cases where their religion is in question. In arguing with Christians who are well informed about their own creeds and the word of God, a Mohammedan stands but a poor show. He is usually very ignorant of any other literature than the Koran, and in general historical knowledge he knows nothing, so to speak. He feels much like Omer the caliph when he ordered the great Alexandrian library to be burned, that if it be against the Koran it *ought* to be destroyed, and if not it was not needed, thus showing

they could not value any such great works, but were and are totally blind to their own interests.

The writer remembers well trying to obtain a Mohammedan's views on the personality of God, and it invariably ended in the Moslem friend becoming angry, he felt offended at the very idea of trying to comprehend God's person. For him it was sufficient to know the qualities of God and acknowledge His power over the destinies of men. The Turks have been blamed for not accepting Christianity, and had true Christianity been advocated in their presence perhaps they would have been to blame, but the forms of Christianity placed before them we certainly can not blame them for rejecting, for they have often been tainted with the deepest idolatry and thus made incomprehensible to the Turks, who are generally admitted to be a finer grade of the human race. The Turks are, therefore, to be commended rather than blamed for not receiving the world's prostituted Christianity.

Friis.

A MIRACLE OF MODERN SKILL.

IT IS astonishing what wonders modern science is able to accomplish. Natural defects in the human body or injuries from disease or accident, which, a few years since would have been considered insurmountable, are now treated with the most gratifying results, and marvelous are the effects which are often attained. One of the most remarkable instances of what is possible to be done for suffering humanity is that of Helen Keller, a deaf, dumb and blind girl from Tusculumbia, Alabama, who was sent to Boston and placed in the care of those who have had experience with such unfortunates. Since being thus located, her remarkable mental development in the face of the tremendous handicap imposed on her by nature has been the theme of much delighted comment. Within the last six weeks she has been taught to speak intelligibly. This is the only well

authenticated case of the kind that has ever been known in the world. The quickness with which Helen has always imbibed knowledge seemed little less than a miracle. In one year she acquired a vocabulary of 1,500 words, the average vocabulary being from 1,200 to 1,400 words, even of those who can see. Her great efforts to make herself understood and her discouragement at failure convinced her relatives that a tremendous intellectual force must be locked up within her, for which an outlet must be found or the child would die. Her family consulted with Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and he sent to them as a teacher for the child Miss Annie M. Sullivan, who has continued her teacher and constant companion ever since.

Helen has now acquired a knowledge of French, German, Latin and Greek, and her English vocabulary has increased until she is mistress of three thousand words. She is also passionately fond of music and dancing.

A newspaper reporter called upon Miss Sullivan, and succeeded in overcoming that lady's modesty sufficiently to obtain some information regarding the astonishing development of her little charge. "Helen," said Miss Sullivan, "has known for a long time that other people spoke, and has been very eager to learn to talk herself. For instance, she had tried to say 'mamma' and 'papa,' accenting the first syllable. She had tried this by placing her hand on my throat and lips, getting the motion of them and duplicating it. She began to make sounds, but they were quite unpleasant, and did not really constitute talk. I concluded to take her to Miss Sarah Fuller, who is principal of the Horace Mann School. Miss Fuller began immediately to teach her. Of course she could not understand Miss Fuller, and I have acted as interpreter.

"Her sense of touch is very acute, so I would spell the words out to her on her hands with my hands, and she would follow my directions. For instance, I would say to her in that way, 'Miss Fuller wants you to put

your tongue in the roof of your mouth,' and she would do so. At her first lesson Miss Fuller gave her the same words, 'mamma' and 'papa,' which she had been trying to say, teaching her to place the accent on the last syllable, or, in other words, showing her the length of the syllables.

"You see that in those two words the child acquired the sounds of M, P and A, and when she had got those sounds of course she could say a great many other words containing that combination of letters. In that same lesson she was given the words 'is' and 'it,' which gave her the sounds of short I, S and T, and with that combination she could make any word with that combination of letters. The more words she learned the greater fluency she acquired."

Helen, who will be ten years old next July, has visited Miss Fuller but eleven times, yet she has now a command of language rare in a child of twelve. She has not the slightest perception of light or sound, being totally deaf and blind. But the cuteness of her remaining senses, and especially that of touch and feeling generally, has been brought to perfection by constant exercise.

While the reporter was talking Helen came bounding into the room. Physically and mentally she is in no way behind the children of her years. She is wonderfully pretty and has a very intelligent face. Notwithstanding the rapidity of her physical development her frame is fitly proportioned, her stature erect, her features symmetrical and her figure wonderfully graceful. Her tones are, to be sure, a trifle guttural, and there is a slight pause between each word; but the tone is not especially disagreeable, and the enunciation is sufficiently distinct to enable one to understand what she is saying.

"I am going to learn to make my voice sweet. I am going home in June," Helen said to the reporter. "I shall talk to my dear little sister and my parents and brothers and all."

These sentences seemed very pathetic, but their pathos was relieved by the expression of

delight that played over the mobile countenance of the girl as she anticipated the great pleasure which her acquirement of a new faculty would cast into that Southern home. Her teacher says that the brightest thing about her is that she judges so quickly what a word must sound like. She is tireless in her search for information and her hunger for knowledge is insatiate. *W. N.*

A SAD FATE.

THE story of the life of Charles W. Jones, ex-Senator from Florida, is a pathetic one. Once a brilliant member of the highest representative body in America and the pride of his State, he is now the inmate of a private lunatic asylum near Detroit. This once-honored man had become so bad that on May 19th his son was under the necessity of making an application to the Probate Court of Detroit to have his father adjudged insane and committed to an asylum. Former friends, as well as physicians, were called to testify concerning the unfortunate patient's condition.

The ex-senator entered the court-room just as Dr. Gilmartin took the stand. He strode forward and asked permission of the Court to read a paper bearing on the case. Permission being granted, the ex-senator in a dramatic manner proceeded to read the document, which was addressed to the United States District Court and recited the steps being taken in the Probate Court to send him to an asylum. It set forth that he was not insane; that the proceedings were instituted as a result of local prejudice; that he is a citizen of Florida temporarily in Detroit, and could not enforce or maintain his rights and privileges in the Probate Court, and concluded by asking that the case be removed to the United States Court. As the ex-senator finished reading it he tossed the paper on the judge's desk, said "Good morning," and walked out with the dignity of a king.

The Court ordered that the ex-senator be

confined at St. Joseph's Retreat as a private patient. Sheriff Littlefield took four deputies and went to Jones' room, a little carpetless affair over a plumbing shop. Jones refused to go with the sheriff until the latter told him force would be used if he did not go willingly, whereupon the ex-senator gravely remarked: "I'll go with you, but you can never be sheriff of this county another term. I'll fix that."

Jones was then put into a hack and driven to the retreat, which is eight miles from the city. He is acquainted with some of the Catholic nuns there and he greeted them with profound courtesy. As the officers were leaving he told them he would come to town the following day.

One cause of his mental disorder is said to have been his infatuation for a woman, after his wife's death, who was so indiscreet as to encourage his attentions without any expectation of ever rewarding him with her love.

When he became convinced that she was trifling with his affections it so preyed upon his mind as to leave him incapable of directing his thoughts in a proper channel.

Mr. Jones is an immigrant, who was brought from his native land, Ireland, in 1844, when ten years old. He learned the carpenter trade and worked in various parts of the south, until in 1857 he found himself in a Pensacola shipyard. He was advised to study law, his efforts at self-education and the mental strength displayed in his conversation having attracted attention to him. He was a success as a lawyer, and entered politics during the oppressive days of reconstruction. The courage with which he attacked carpet-bag misrule was rewarded later with two terms in the United States Senate. The strength and accuracy of his memory and his strong grasp of constitutional law made him powerful in debate and won the respect of friends and opponents alike. His record is very clean.

He loved his wife intensely and her death left him, as he once said, "a helpless waif." With her loss his happy home was broken up

and the once powerful mind became weaker progressively. He could be seen but lately in Detroit, a shabby figure, eating at free lunch counters, and now the brilliant career ends in a mad-house. His case is a hopeless one, physicians say. His life, once so happy, ends in a darkness deeper than death.

How sad the story and yet how impressive the lesson it conveys! Had this man been impressed with that great lesson to acknowledge the hand of God in all things, the death of his wife would only have given him a greater longing for the eternity to come, and his disappointment in regard to the other woman would not have left him with a shattered mind.

Blessed are they who trust in God, for though they may have to pass through much tribulation and many sorrows, yet will He never desert them nor permit any evil to overtake them but what will be for their ultimate good.

C. A. H.

THE EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

FROM the early days of Christianity it was very common for devout men to make pilgrimages to so called "Holy places" the grave of some martyr, the sea of Galilee, Jerusalem and above all the tomb of Christ. While Palestine was under the Arab power, this feeling was respected by them and the Christians were well treated probably because the Arabs themselves believed it necessary to make pilgrimages to Mecca, being devout Moslems. In the year A. D. 1065 the country was overrun by the Turks, who cared but little for any religion, and recognized only the fact that the Christians could be made profitable through robbery and extortion. Many of the unfortunate devotees were cruelly treated, beaten or tortured to give up whatever valuables they possessed, and in some cases even murdered. One of these Pilgrims, afterwards known as Peter the Hermit, a native of France having suffered at the hands of these marauders, on his return to Europe went

from place to place describing the outrages being committed in Palestine, the desecration of the Holy places by the infidels, and appealing to the people to rise and rescue the tomb of the Savior from these savage men. The effect of the preaching was that enthusiasm was raised among all classes of the Roman Church, and in consequence of this feeling, Pope Urban in 1096 called for volunteers to make war on the Turks. Men from every nation in Europe flocked to the standard. A rendezvous was appointed at Constantinople, and in the summer of the following year an army of not less than six hundred thousand exclusive of women and priests were assembled ready to march against the Turks for each man wore a small cross as a badge from which circumstances these religious wars have received the name of Crusades.

The sufferings of this army must have been something terrible for we learn that in two years, war, disease, famine and desertion had reduced this large army to forty thousand. On July 15th, 1099 the Holy City was taken and the kingdom of Jerusalem established. To keep control of the country it was found necessary to organize crusades from time to time. There were in all seven of these wars, but finally in A. D. 1291, the last of these proving a failure, the Christians were driven from the land and the Saracen power ruled in the homes of the sons of Jacob.

But if the crusades were a failure as far as military operations went, they were productive of much good. Hallam says, "The crusades led immediately to the growing prosperity of the commercial cities. Besides the profit accruing from so many naval armaments which they supplied, and the continual passage of private adventurers in their vessels, they were enabled to open a more extensive channel of oriental traffic than had hitherto been known."

About this time also the Mariner's compass began to come into general use in Europe. This invention many claim was first learned by Europeans, from the Saracens and it is well authenticated that the Saracens knew the

uses of the compass. The discovery enabled the seaman to make more extensive voyages than they had hitherto been able to make. Marco Polo, a Venitian who had travelled a great deal in Eastern and Southern Asia, wrote an account of his travels describing the riches and magnificence of the eastern nations. All of these things combined raised an excitement in the minds of many and voyages of discovery became frequent. Longer voyages created a demand for larger and stronger ships, and as the art of ship-building improved, explorers were enabled to extend their discoveries still further. Geographical enterprise was thus stimulated, and it became an object with the various nations to be the first to discover new lands. To discover a shorter, less dangerous route to India than that already known was one of the great problems of the day and to solve it Vasco De Gama sailed around the cape of Good Hope, and eventually Columbus sailed westward and reached the land, reserved by God for certain purposes, and now made known to the world that His plans might be worked out.

But it was not alone in stimulating commerce that the crusades were the means of rousing the people. Indeed it would be impossible to improve very much in one direction without improving in others. Travel naturally gives men broader ideas in regard to life, much of the selfishness that possesses the ignorant is removed. In this instance the contact with the Saracens led many of the Europeans to study the sciences so common among that people, and to introduce them to their friends at home in Western Europe. The consequence was a general awaking of interest in education. Schools were established at various places and many of the rich flocked to glean wisdom from the professors.

Although the education of that time was a strange mixture of truth and error, and science as we understand it was unknown, yet "a step had been taken towards the enfranchisement of the human mind," and the people began to work upwards toward the light. One particular line on which the people began to re-

form was religion. Perhaps the foremost man in this movement was John Wickliffe. This man believing that every individual had the right to read for himself the truths of the gospel, devoted many years of his life to the translation of the Bible into English. His work was completed towards the close of the fourteenth century. Although the followers of this man suffered cruel persecutions at the hands of the Catholics, the work progressed, and when, in 1455, the printing press was invented, his labors were preserved to bear their fruit in the great Reformation. One fact that deserves attention is that the first printed book of which we know anything, was a copy of the Bible, and this circumstance seems to have been prophetic of the great work which the Lord intended to perform through the assistance of the printing press, for to that alone many of the Saints of God owe their first acquaintance with the latter-day work.

Although we can scarcely say that the gospel was the outgrowth of the Crusades, they seem to have been the first of a chain of events which prepared the world for its introduction. And the words of the historian could apply to Joseph Smith with equal force when he says "The influence of the Crusades in procuring an audience for Luther, cannot be overlooked by the philosophic historian."

Hiero.

THE ART OF TIDYING.

ONE of the few anecdotes intended to prove a warning to my heedless youth, which I can now remember, related to the homely subject of tidying up. It was to this effect, and was short and sour. Miss Smith had long been engaged to be married to Mr. Jones. That gentleman was invited to sleep a night at Mr. Smith's house, and coming down to breakfast he passed his intended wife's bedroom, from which she had gone down, leaving the door wide open. There he saw such a scene of confusion that he felt sure his home would not be a comfortable one under Miss

Smith's management, and so he broke off the match.

"Mean man?" all you girls cry in chorus; and I am not the least commending Mr. Jones's behavior; I am merely telling you what effect on his conduct the sight of that untidy bed-room had.

My own view of untidiness is that it is an indication of a very inferior mind—a mind lacking in imagination, lacking in the sense of the appropriate, lacking in will-power.

For you will agree with me that as nature's greatest marvels of beautiful form and *finish* (as we term finely detailed loveliness) are lavished on the unseen parts of the centers of flowers, the lining of shells, and the tails of insects: so the exquisite handling and arrangement of the details of our own brief lives, mark us as either soulless machines or finely-organized intelligences. An inferior mind will live in the present only, being lacking in imagination. It sees that the arm-chair cannot be used to sit on because a skirt lies across it; the floor cannot conveniently be trodden on because a wrap would trip up the feet; the sunshade must be removed before the smaller chair can be taken from the wall; and the children may catch their heedless little heads against the corners of the open drawers. But the inferior mind does not think that it may require hastily both chairs and floor for their proper uses; it says, "Oh, no one will go in there; what does it matter how I leave the room?" and it is content to defer to the future the clearing up, which will surely have to be done sooner or later, unless the key is turned forever in the lock.

By acting thus the untidy girl shows herself lacking in the sense of the appropriate. I strongly suspect she is the kind of girl I meet with a fur cape on her shoulders in July, and thin summer shoes on in December. In common language, she never knows "what's what." She does not see that "everything is in its place," as well as "a place for everything," is at all to be desired. She sees nothing inappropriate in the busy servant having to spend ten minutes in clearing odds and ends

off her bed, and hanging up the scattered garments left on the chairs, when settling her room in the evening, while she, the unemployed girl, literally "made work" for one who needed leisure. An untidy girl is certainly one who fails to show common consideration for, and courtesy to others.

Then, lastly, she shows her inferior mind by being lacking in will-power; she quite meant to tidy up, only she changed her mind and ran down the street to see the circus parade. She quite meant to hang her skirt up, only she forgot to make room for it in the wardrobe. She did intend to shut those drawers, which were tiresome enough to catch the lace in her evening dress and tear it, only the post-man came in and she thought she might as well read her letter first.

Now, if her will-power had been reasonably strong, she would not have let a new impulse have its gratification before the first resolutions were carried out.

Certainly tidying up is a profitable employment; but a more profitable use of time is to put everything at once where it has to remain, and this shows a capacity of organization and rule which could never be argued from the conduct of the girl who strews her path with objects out of place.

Let it be every woman's ambition to lead a perfectly beautiful life, and to do that, she must try to cultivate a beautiful mind; for surely we know that the outward is only a picture of the inward, and that a little drop of water can contain a miniature picture of the world; therefore all great results can be accomplished in a very small space, and every little life, in any humble sphere, be so exquisitely lived that it would be a fit subject for a poet's verse, a painter's picture of home-life, or a heart-refreshing biography from the pen of a loving friend.

Helen Power.

DISCRETION in speech is more than eloquence.

VALUABLE RUBBISH.

THE youth among the Latter-day Saints have known so little want or real suffering in their lives, that they are apt to be careless of the blessings so bountifully supplied by our heavenly Father. As a result of our plenteousness, too many become wasteful. In fact, around nearly every home one may see articles going to destruction, which, by a little thought and care, might be put to some good use. Economy in these seeming trifles will become more necessary as population increases, and the difficulties of acquiring means multiply. The lessons of thrift should therefore be impressed early upon the minds of our boys and girls, and they be made to feel that they are the trusted agents of a beneficent Parent who expects them to use wisely all His gifts, and be prepared at any time to render a good account of the property as well as the ability which He has entrusted to them.

The "rubbish heaps" of Utah, if they could be reached by some of the struggling poor of the world, would be considered by them as mines of wealth. In European cities every pound of the street cleanings is used, whatever cannot be utilized in the manufactures is used for fertilizing purposes. In New York the privilege of "trimming" the dirt—taking from it old iron, bones, tin cans, rags, and the like—is let to the highest bidder. The last contractor paid \$1,552 a week for the privilege, or \$80,704 for the year. The contractor hires men to remove articles of value from the street cleanings and garbage, and makes money even at this figure.

The street sweepings are not as valuable as the refuse from the alleys. The workmen on the streets occasionally pick up small sums of money, but rarely do they find any jewelry. Less money is found in the street now than was picked up by the sweepers ten years ago. The people are more careful, or have less money to lose.

A very large portion of the street and alley cleanings is used for filling up streets or

alleys that are below grade, and no systematic search for valuables can well be made. Where a dumping ground is used the dirt might be "trimmed," but no organized attempt has ever been made to do it. A large number of Italians and negroes have made a living and something more, by working over the street cleanings.

When a quarry hole in the northwest portion of the city of Chicago was used as a dump, from twenty to forty men and women lived off the waste of the streets. Many families found in the old barrels and boxes all the fuel they could use. Occasionally scraps of iron and wire that had escaped the junk wagons were found. Considerable half-decayed fruit was picked up. Large quantities of rags and paper were obtained. Piles of tin cans, bottles, bones, old boots and old shoes were carted away by the dirt "trimmers." Very frequently the garbage haulers laid aside bundles of rags or piles of cans when gathering up their loads, and took them home when their day's work was done. Some teamsters added considerably to their wages in this way. One colored man near the dumps saved enough money out of the street offal to purchase two lots and build small houses on them. Others made considerable sums besides providing for their families.

The street cleanings proper do not contain all the wealth of the street's surface. Hundreds of rag-pickers earn their living on the street and in the alley. The hotels sell the bones and bits of meat or table refuse that they used to throw away, but still they furnish work for a number of self-employed street scavengers. The dirt that is being tramped and rolled into the streets or dumped into quarry holes is full of fertilizing material and some day will be used on worn-out farm lands.

Boys and girls, look about you and see if there is not some article going to waste which might be put to some good use. If so, do not neglect it, but see that it is saved, either for your personal benefit or for the good of some person in poorer circumstances than you find yourself.

Como.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No. 9, VOL. XXV.

1. WHERE was Brigham Young on the 27th of June, the day of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum? A. He spent the day with Brother Woodruff, in Boston.

2. How did he feel in the evening while waiting at the depot for the train? A. A feeling of strange melancholy came over him, so that he could not converse with any degree of pleasure.

3. When did he learn of the martyrdom from a reliable source? A. Not until the 16th of July.

4. How did he learn of it? A. While at the house of one of the brethren in Peterboro, New Hampshire, where a letter was read from one of the brethren at Nauvoo, giving the particulars of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum.

5. What was the first thing that entered his mind when he heard the news? A. Whether the Prophet Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him away from the earth.

6. Who sat by the side of him at this time? A. Orson Pratt.

7. What did the President say after further reflection upon the matter? A. He brought his hand down upon his knee and said, "The

keys of the kingdom are all here with the Church."

8. Where did he go from Peterboro? A. To Boston where he met Brother Woodruff and where they awaited the arrival of Lyman Wight.

9. When did they arrive in Nauvoo? A. On the 6th of August, 1844.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 9, Vol. 25: Bertha Howell, Sophronia Wood, C. E. Wight, R. C. Allen, Annie S. Sessions, H. H. Blood, Jennetta Blood and H. C. Blood.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT did President Young say concerning Lyman Wight and George Miller, who had the privilege granted to them of taking away some of the brethren to cut timber in the pineries of Wisconsin? 2. How was this prediction fulfilled with regard to Lyman Wight? 3. What became of Geo. Miller? 4. Why were so many of the Saints anxious to leave and go into the wilderness at this time? 5. Wherein did the people make a mistake? 6. Who was sustained as President of the stake at Nauvoo at the first regular Conference held after the death of the Prophet? 7. Who was

unanimously elected to fill the position of stake President? 8. In what way did Marks show his disrespect for the memory of the departed Prophet and Patriarch? 9. What did President Young and the council do when they heard of this? 10. Who else of the authorities was dropped at this Conference? 11. Who was chosen to act in the office in his stead?

CHILDREN I HAVE SEEN.

A LADY was one day going home from town. The street-car ran within two blocks of her home. She rode to the corner nearest her house, then the car stopped and the lady got off. She had been marketing, and had a basket full of things to carry.

Some large shade-trees grew on the side-walk where the lady passed. A little boy was climbing one of the trees, when he saw the lady with the basket, he came down quickly, for he knew her.

"Let me carry your basket, Sister R." he said to the lady. "Oh! thank you, Willie," the lady replied, (for that was the boy's name) smiling at him, and allowing him to help.

"I can carry it," said Willie, kindly drawing the basket away from the lady. "Is it not too heavy for you?" she asked.

"Oh! no" said Willie, "I can easily carry it."

"But were you going this way?" asked the lady.

"I was not going anywhere, I was just playing," said Willie, "but I can as well carry this home for you, as to climb a tree.

So Willie carried the basket all the way to the lady's gate, when she thanked him again, and he said, very politely, "You are welcome," and then ran back towards his own home.

Another little boy was on his way to school one morning, when he saw an old lady with a baby, and a bundle of sticks. She had picked up the sticks about the street, and was carrying them home for kindling wood.

It was too early for school, and as the little boy knew he would have some time for play before the bell would ring, he offered to carry the bundle of sticks for the old lady. Her home was two or three blocks out of his way to school, but he did not mind that.

The lady let him carry the sticks to her gate, then she thanked him and offered him a nickel. But he would not take it. He said, "Oh! no, thank you, keep your money; you are quite welcome to the little help I have given you. I should only have been playing, and it was just as good exercise to carry your wood for you.

If all our boys could always be as thoughtful and as polite as the two I have been telling about, how much good would be done in the world, even by the boys.

Here is a little dialogue for boys

and girls, written from a Primary class recitation.

A PRIMARY RULE FOR POLITENESS.

BOYS. Boys, wherever we may be,
With this rule let us agree;
"To be courteous and polite,
Is but manly, just, and right."
Girls are ladies, nothing less,
We should seek their happiness;
Seek it kindly, as we ought,
With no rude, mischievous thought.
Thus, to manhood, pass along,
Brave and true, and pure and strong.

GIRLS. Let, us girls, in this unite,
To be *every way* polite;
Treat the boys like gentlemen,
We shall be true ladies then.
Never seeming vain or pert,
Or inclined to sneer or "flirt;"
Thus pass on to womanhood,
Gentle, truthful, chaste, and good.

ALL TOGETHER.

Let us all resolve, today,
To put selfishness away.
True politeness this will bring,
In our plays, and everything;
For 'tis but the noble part
Acted by each generous heart.

Lula

A SISTER'S LOVE.

WHO can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word sister? How ready she is to forgive the errors, to excuse the foibles of a brother. She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him, and in trial she cheers him. And when the bitter voice of reproach is poured in his ears she is ever ready to hush its harsh tones, and turn his attention away from its painful notes.

A BRAVE BOY.

His name was Frank Thompson; he was fifteen years old, and he lived in a large city in the State of Ohio, where he was a pupil in one of the public schools. He was a slender lad with quiet, gray eyes, gentle ways, and with nothing of the "brag" about him. Some of the boys called him a coward because he would never fight; and whenever a rough fellow would shake his fists in Frank's face with "You don't *dare* to fight," Frank would quietly say, "I dare *not* to fight;" which was a much braver thing to do.

But there came a day after which no one doubted Frank's bravery. It was in mid-winter, and the fires in the school-building were fed with bushels of coal in order that the rooms might be kept warm for the hundreds of boys and girls in the school-rooms in that very cold winter weather.

Suddenly the teacher in the division where Frank Thompson studied discovered from a cloud of smoke that burst into the room that the school building was on fire, and there were five hundred children in it; and in less than one moment half the children in her room knew, as did she, of the danger, and were preparing to rush out of doors. The teacher, Miss Olney, said not a word, but springing to the door, she lifted her hand and with a commanding gesture motioned the pupils back into their seats, and they dared not disobey.

She then hurried from the room to warn the other teachers of the danger and to give the alarm of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with flashing eyes had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in the room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"Stand back!" he cried; "*not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!*"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced flashing-eyed lad at the door with uplifted hand was equal to an army with banners. Every one felt that the boy who dared *not* to fight, dared to hold his post, and guard it too. And so he stood until the teacher returned, when he slipped into a passage-way, and fairly flew to one of the lower rooms, where he knew there was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted him in his arms and never lost hold of his burden until he had put him safely down at his mother's door, two or three squares away. Then he returned to the school-building from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a cow-

ard after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the newspapers, and several gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it were these words:

TO FRANK THOMPSON,
FROM THE CITIZENS OF C——,
IN HONOR OF A BRAVE DEED.
DEC. 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do *right*, and always a coward who dared to do *wrong*.

And now that the story is told, let us give three cheers for brave Frank Thompson and all other boys like him.

M. W. F.

IF WE WOULD.

IF WE would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.
Ah, the wrongs that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.
In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WORDS BY JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSHEND.

MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

Rev-'rent - ly and meek - ly now Let thy head most

hum - bly bow ; Think of me thou ran - som'd one,

Think what for thee I have done. With my blood that dripp'd like

rain, Sweat in ag - o - ny of pain ; With my

bod - y on the tree, I have ran - som'd ev - en thee.

In this bread now broke for thee,
 Emblem of my body see ;
 In this water or this wine,
 Emblem of my blood divine.
 Oh, remember what was done
 That the sinner might be won—
 On the cross at Calvary
 I have suffered death for thee !

Bid thine heart all strife to cease ;
 With thy brother be at peace ;
 O forgive, as thou wouldst be
 E'en forgiven now by me.

In the solemn faith of prayer
 Cast upon me all thy care,
 And my Spirit's grace shall be
 Like a fountain unto thee !

At the throne I intercede ;
 For thee ever do I plead ;
 I have loved thee as thy friend
 With a love that cannot end.
 Be obedient, I implore,
 Prayerful, watchful evermore,
 And be constant unto me
 That thy Savior I may be.

Make a Specialty of
GREEN SILK,
Proper Shade for Temple Aprons.

SALT LAKE SILK FACTORY

Figured and Plain
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS
WHOLESALE.

AN ELEGANT BOOK MARK, the likeness of BRIGHAM YOUNG and SALT LAKE TEMPLE
woven in silk, 25 Cents each, or \$2.00 per dozen.

3-26

J. L. CHALMERS, Manager.



What's the Matter Now?

❖ **BROWNING** ❖ **BROS.** ❖
Lead them All in the Sporting Goods Business.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

===== **TWO IMMENSE STORES CHUCK FULL OF** =====
Fire Arms, Ammunition, Pocket Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Lawn Tennis Supplies,
Tents, Hammocks, Bicycles and Sporting Goods of Every Description.

GENUINE THOMSON WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES.

Agents for the New Davis Vertical Feed, High Arm Sewing Machine, THE LATEST AND BEST; Yost Type Writing
Machines, Sporting, Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps, Fuse, Etc., Etc.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF GUN REPAIRING.

Our prices are Rock Bottom. Send us your orders, we can save you money. Illustrated Catalogue mailed
Free on Application.

BROWNING BROS.,

2461 Washington Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

155 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

1-26

SHOT GUNS AT COST!
SPORTING GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES!

Agent for Warwick Safety Bicycle. Large Stock of
Safeties of all grades. Agent Caligraph Writing
Machine. Bibbons, Carbons and Paper.

GUN AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

M. R. EVANS,

22, 24 W. 2nd South St., Salt Lake City.
11-25

D. M. McAllister & Co.

BOOKS, TOYS.

❖ Stationery, Magazines, Periodicals, ❖

Children's Books and School Supplies.

Wholesale and Retail. Country Orders Solicited.

72 MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

6-26

PIANOS \$150 to \$1500	UNIVERSITY ESTAB. 1859. INCOR. 1877
PRICE \$180 Sold Direct to families, No Middle- men.	They Lead the World! Sent for trial in your own home. * ABSOLUTELY PERFECT * Guaranteed Six Years.
DON'T BUY A POOR PIANO!	
MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO. 235 E. 21st St., N.Y.	ORGANS \$35 to \$500

Our New **CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST**
just out. Procure one from our agent
or send to the *Juvenile Instructor Office.*

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ROYAL B. YOUNG, Pres't.

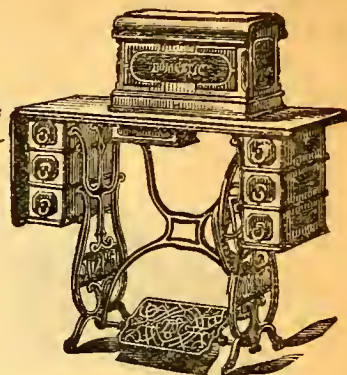
J. O. YOUNG, Vice-Pres't.

M. W. PRATT, Sec'y.



YOUNG BROS. Co.

—DEALERS AN—



DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES.

CHASE BROS. PIANOS, LINDMAN & SON PIANOS, PACKARD
ORGANS, CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS.

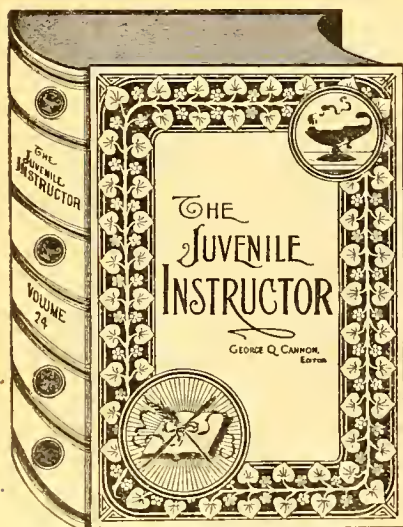
SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES.

Young Bros. Co.

38 MAIN STREET, - - - SALT LAKE CITY.

3-26



SAMPLE OF COVERS.

✧ B·I·N·D·I·N·G ✧

Send your INSTRUCTORS for 1889

TO THE

JUVENILE ✧ INSTRUCTOR ✧ OFFICE,

And we will Bind them in

Full Cloth, embossed in black and gold, for 75cts. per vol.

Full Leather, " " " " " " \$1.00 " "

Covers furnished separately, Full Cloth, 50 cts. each;
Full Leather, 75 cts. each.

Bound Volumes XXIV, Full Cloth, \$2.75; Full Leather, \$3.


A most Handsome Christmas Present.

Z. C. M. I.

Manufacturers, Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions and Dress Goods, Hardware, Queensware, China and Glassware, Hosiery, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Wraps, Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps and Clothing, Wall Paper and Decorations, Carpets, Rugs and Linoliums, Drugs, Etc.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CHAMPION MONITOR AND CHARTER OAK STOVES, RANGES AND HEATERS

 We make a Specialty of Home-Made Boots and Shoes and Duck Goods. 

T. G. Webber, Superintendent. ^{tr}



THE ONLY LINE
RUNNING SOLID TRAINS

— FROM —

SALT LAKE TO DENVER
WITHOUT CHANGE.

Connections made in Union Depots at Denver and Pueblo for all points East.

See that your tickets read via the

Rio Grande Western Rwy.

J. H. BENNETT,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent,

F. Auerbach & Bro.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery,
Carpets, Shoes, Etc.

Established 1864. — One Price to All.

— F. AUERBACH & BRO. —

11-25

THE FAIR,

First door west of Clock on First South Street,

The great Bargain and Novelty Store of Salt Lake City, carry a large line of House Furnishing Goods in Crockery, Glass, Tin, Wooden and Willow Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Jewelry, Japanese Goods and Toys. Notice the place,

13 W. First South Street, Salt Lake City

TEASDEL'S 4 STORES!

Comprising Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes and a Mammoth Bazar of everything useful.

Large shipments of Summer Goods arriving daily.

24-25

JOHN DAYNES.

— DEALER IN —

ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
New Home Sewing Machines.

Agent for the Newman Bros. Organs, 

having the Patent Air Circulating Reed Calls, producing tones like the Pipe Organ. Get prices and terms.

MAIN STREET. - SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

No. 1, Popular Book Series.

FROM KIRTLAND

— TO —

SALT LAKE CITY,
ILLUSTRATED,


Containing 256 Pages Octavo,

BY JAMES A. LITTLE.

This Interesting and Instructive Work
is now out and on sale at the

Juvenile Instructor Office,

Cloth embossed with gold	-	-	-	\$1.50
Full leather " " "	-	-	-	2.00
Leather, extra gilt	-	-	-	2.50

 Every Association and Private Library should have a copy of this work.

10-25

BURTON-GARDNER Co.

Lumber, Mouldings, Sash and Doors,
Combination Fence and Fence Machines.

Agents **HOUSEHOLD** and **STANDARD SEWING MACHINES**. **GOOD AGENTS WANTED.**
Factory Cor. 8th South and State Road. Up Town Office 101 E. 1st South Street, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. 21-25

26 R. K. THOMAS, 28 R. K. THOMAS, 30 R. K. THOMAS, 32
EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

Heber J. Grant, President.
R. S. Wells, Sec. & Treas.
Geo. T. Odell, Asst. Manager.
A. G. Barber, Mgr. Logan Branch.

Jos. F. Smith, Vice-President.
J. F. Grant, General Manager.
E. T. Woolley, Mgr. Ogden Branch.
G. G. Wright, Mgr. Eagle Rock Branch.

DIRECTORS:

Heber J. Grant, J. F. Grant, Geo. T. Odell, Jno. Henry Smith.
Jos. F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman, James Sharp, W. W. Riter,
Geo. Romney, Junius F. Wells and C. S. Burton.

CO-OPERATIVE WAGON AND MACHINE CO.

SUCCESSORS TO GRANT, ODELL & CO. AND HOWARD SEBREE CO.

THE LEADING IMPLEMENT HOUSE IN UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, OGDEN AND LOGAN, UTAH, AND EAGLE ROCK, IDAHO. 3-26

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH,

No. 60 Main Street,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HEBER J. GRANT, President,
WM. B. PRESTON, Vice-President,
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph F. Smith, Chas. S. Burton,
Wm. H. Rowe, Nephi W. Clayton,
Abraham H. Cannon, Frank Y. Taylor,
Spencer Clawson, Philo T. Farnsworth,
Elias Morris, Richard W. Young,
Henry A. Woolley.

Receives deposits payable on demand,
Loans money on approved security,
Draws exchange on all principal points,
Pays 5 per cent. on savings deposits,
Compounds interest thereon quarterly,
Pays careful attention to country trade
AND WANTS YOUR BUSINESS.

HOME Fire Insurance Co. OF UTAH.

Paid up Capital, - - \$200,000.00.
Assets, - - - - \$272,865.58.

DIRECTORS.

Henry Dinwoodey, P. T. Farnsworth, John C. Cutler,
George Romney, William H. Rowe, David Eccles,
Thomas G. Webber, John Henry Smith, Geo. W. Thatcher,
Frank W. Jennings, Charles S. Burton.

OFFICERS.

HEBER J. GRANT, Pres't. JAMES SPARP, Vice-Pres't.
LEWIS S. HILLS, Treasurer. ELIAS A. SMITH, Secretary.
W. J. BATEMAN, Asst. Secretary.

H. J. GRANT & Co., AGENTS
10-25 tf

Wilford Woodruff, Pres't. B. H. Schettler, Ass't Cashier.

Zion's Savings Bank AND TRUST COMPANY,

No. 63 East Temple Street, Salt Lake City,
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
Pays 5 per cent interest on savings deposits. Money to
loan on approved securities at low rates of interest.
15-25 1

GODBE PITTS DRUG CO.,

DIRECTORS:

L. S. Hills, H. Dinwoodey, David James, W. H. Shearman, J. B. Farlow.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS.

PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY FILLED DAY OR NIGHT. MAIL AND EXPRESS
ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

PRICES LOW AS POSSIBLE FOR PURE GOODS.

PATRONIZE YOUR FRIENDS.

Salt Lake City. GODBE PITTS DRUG CO.
3-26

WM. DRIVER & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

We Guarantee the trade perfect satisfaction.
Your Orders Solicited.

WM. DRIVER & SON, OGDEN, UTAH.
24-25